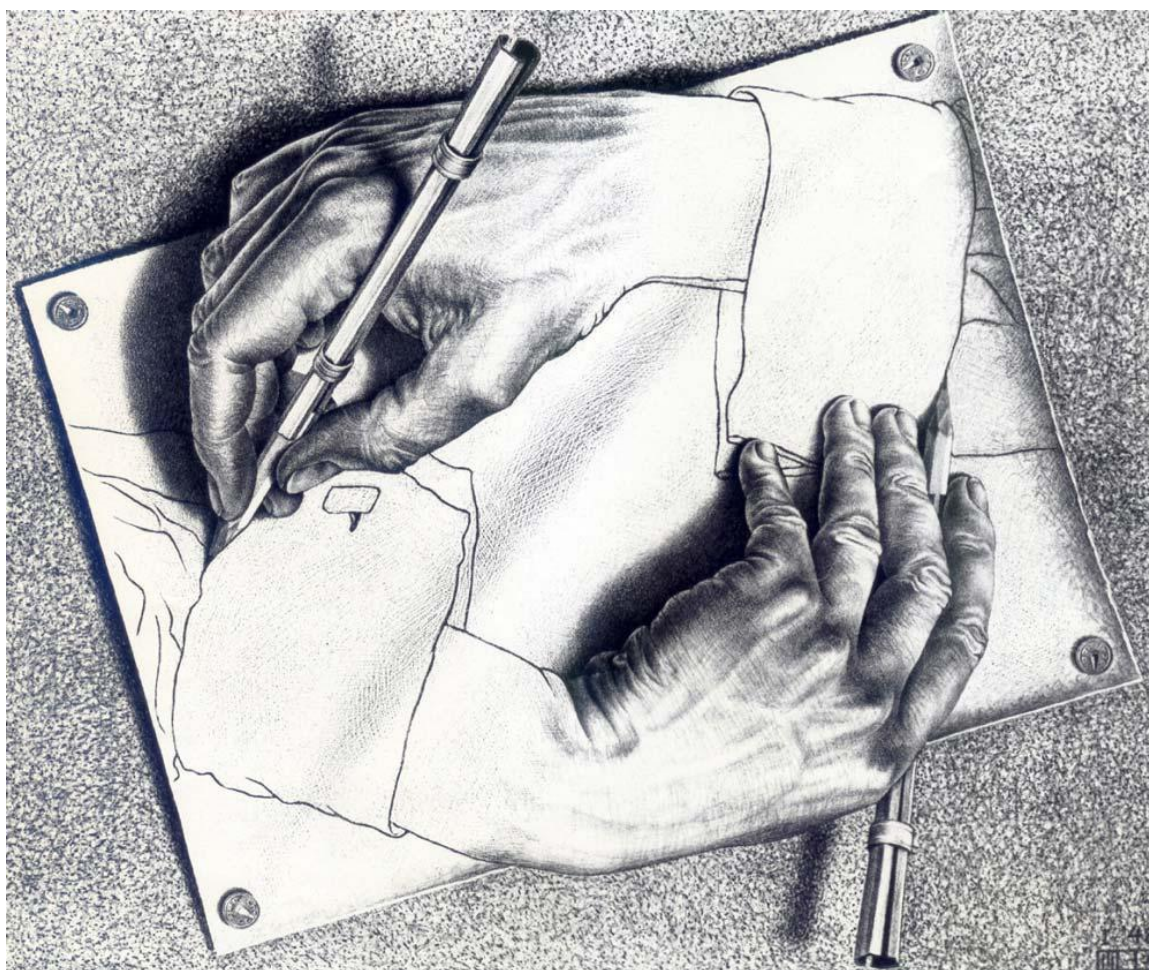


# *Pen & Pencil Magazine*

*Theme: Beauty in Many Forms*



Volume Two: Fall 2019

## **Volume Two: Pen & Pencil Magazine**

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If you have a submission for the **Pen & Pencil Magazine** feel free to contact the magazine.

The magazine can be contacted through Amazon.

## **Ergo ... why Study?**

The more

I study

The more

I know

The more

I know

The more

I forget

The more

I forget

The less

I know

Ergo ...

why study?

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## Pen & Pencil Magazine Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish the second volume of *Pen & Pencil Magazine* which features the work of aspiring writers. *Pen & Pencil Magazine* welcomes submissions on a twice yearly basis.

The theme for this second volume for **Fall 2019**, is *Beauty in Many Forms*. We had originally intended to publish a Summer 2019 edition with an entirely different theme, but based on our submissions we decided on a twice yearly edition, and set a different theme for the Fall 2019 edition ...

For several of the contributors to the magazine, it is their first occasion to be published. Congratulations!

Please feel free to send your short story, prose, poetry and artwork submissions to the Editor in Chief at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

The theme for the **Spring 2020** edition of *Pen & Pencil Magazine* will most likely be set by the contributors and their submissions.

## **Short Stories**

## ***The Great Knight of Asgard by Edward Liu***

Once upon a time there lived a brave knight who served the King of Asgard.

One day the King set him off on a quest. It was not any normal quest but was the most dangerous challenge in the kingdom –defeat the dragon of Asgard. After months of training and preparation, the knight ventured forth on the King’s quest and tried but the mean old dragon was well versed in combat and wizen in his ways, for well over a hundred years the dragon had defeated all challengers.

Sadly although he was very brave the knight failed like many knights before him. The King exiled him from Asgard and so he lived alone in a little cottage deep in the woods.

Some months later, after much soul searching, the knight declared to himself “Today I shall impress the king by slaying the dragon of Asgard!” That day he put on his armor and swiftly took up his mighty sword and marched to the dragons den.

Once he got to the dragon’s lair he yelled “I demand you to come out of your cave and do combat with me!” The dragon came out and snorted flames at him hoping to scare him off. The brave knight just charged at the dragon.



They had a big fight but as it happens the dragon's arms were too long and if the knight got too close the dragon would strike him hard or snorted flames. That day he couldn't get a single shot at the dragon, so the knight gave up.

The next day he thought "What if I used my crossbow ... that way he can't get at me!" So he tried again. This time he brought his cross bow and arrows and bravely marched to the cave.

"Come out oh mighty dragon and meet your end!" he boomed with confidence.

The dragon came out and they had another fight. While the knight was accurate with his aim, the dragon's scales were too thick. The many arrows he launched just bounced off the monster and so the knight had to give up a second time.

The next few days passed by, then one morning the knight got an idea. The knight exclaimed to himself "I shall try one last time!"

This time he left his armor behind, but brought a big net and a broadsword forged by the finest black smith in the whole kingdom. When he got to the cave he didn't yell to the dragon to come, but instead waited high on a tree top that overlooked the entrance of the cave until the dragon left his cave to hunt for food.

When the dragon came out of his cave the clever knight dropped the net on the dragon and the dragon got all tangled in it. The dragon roared, and snorted flames and tried to untangle himself, but it was to no avail. The clever knight took up his great weapon , jumped down from his perch high up in the tree and with one mighty swing of his broadsword he slew the dragon of Asgard. At his feet rolled the gigantic head of the dragon.

The next day the knight proudly brought the head of the dragon to present to the King. The King and Queen were both very impressed by what he had done and in front of the whole kingdom welcomed the brave knight back into Asgard and declared him the greatest knight of Asgard.

From that day on the knight was honored, feted every year on the day he slew the dragon and lived happily ever after to the grand old age of one hundred and three as the Kingdoms of Asgard's greatest hero.

**Motto:**

Never give up ... but choose your battles wisely!

## ***The Eternal Meadow by Isabella S.***

The waning winter light paints the brevity of the sleepy meadow in a peculiar lilac hue as forget-me-nots doze to recollections of dreams long passed.

To the north, guided by a softly undulating down, meanders a brook sweet to a parched palette. And an old-growth wood cradles the remaining perimeter of the secluded meadow in easy indigos and docile mauves.

The garrulous call of a lone and distant chickadee is reminiscent of a vague but fond memory, and a sense of comfortable anonymity billows over me like the relief of exhaling stale smoke.

I imagine all life here must be born anew, frolicking on unacquainted legs with every golden morning. I should wish I may spend the rest of my days here in this moment of eternal serenity.

But alas, the current of time trickles on, setting me adrift to what is yet to be....

## ***Oh, Those Exotic Place ... How I Get High Without Drugs by Elle***

*“What is home to some ... is exotic to another ...”*

I have been lost at night in Kolkata, loved in Mumbai, enjoyed camel on Juhu Beach, rambled through the ancient glories of the Topkapi Palace, and the ineffable mosques of Istanbul.

I have had my hair done at Elizabeth Arden's in Rome and discouraged a presumptuous and amorous engineer from London who promised to save me from Italian predators.

I have seen the full moon rise over the Black Sea, as I entered a once magnificent casino from the 1920's in Constanza. Staircases were lit by exquisite chandeliers and used by the young set who were confined to a huge room upstairs and warned not to speak to strangers. Adventures continued in eastern Germany (how I loved all, and German people), Hawaii, Canary Islands (Tenerife, precisely) and almost fainted in Tiajuana. Madrid, with the Prado gave me a mystical shock the moment I turned the corner and encountered my first timeless master. Spellbound, yes. Frozen with wonder.

How could any human being produce a masterpiece that took your breath away by the beauty and composition of oil paints and brushes? Madrid could have been a thoroughly delightful experience of discovery had I chosen a companion who drank less and knew how to communicate displeasure without ear-splitting decibels of derision, vituperation and condemnation. He

was a good cook, though. One honeymoon was spent in Disneyland. The honeymoon didn't last, nor did the marriage.

I want to tell you about the profound experience I had in Madrid. If you've been there, you will know that streets extend in all directions from a hub. Pedestrians fill the avenues. I noticed some silent, still women and asked my companion. He said they were prostitutes.

I felt compassion, particularly when I saw her. She looked like a goddess. She had a mass of beautiful, long, blond hair. The body was exquisite; tall, well proportioned, healthy and dressed sexily for service. What was her past, her family, her present, her prospects and her future? Why? Leaving the side of my companion, I approached her softly and asked, "Do you speak English?" She did. "You look beautiful," I said.

As she smiled, she glowed and radiated love as an angelic being - love, and gratitude. My heart soared as I recognized who she truly was. Always look behind the 'masque' Exotic places. There is an exotic place in Vancouver, B.C. It was entirely new and unknown to me. John had asked me to visit him and to bring my young son who was still in elementary school. My son and I entered the building and found ourselves inside a large and comfortless, functional room which was half filled with a long counter extending along the far wall. Uniformed police stood behind and shuffled papers. After identification was presented, ours, not theirs, we were told to wait. The appointed time came and we responded to directions.

"Get up, walk to that small enclosure and wait". Steel doors clanged open to show an elevator-sized compartment with two sides of glass. The opposite door opened and we were inside the visitor's area of pre-trial.

I had met John at the Gathering Place. For a time, being homeless, he stayed with us and helped with cooking, cleaning and food provision. He was captured while being 'under the influence' and leaving with a pair of sunglasses - not his. That side of him, the drinking side, was unknown to me. I saw the other side which he made brilliantly clear by inviting my son to pre-trial so he could explain what it was like to be a recipient of our justice system.

"Sometimes during the day, and mostly at night, you can't see who but you can hear them all; swearing, puking, coughing, screaming, groaning. It's a nightmare. You don't ever want to be in this place."

That was John's character and the reason he wanted my son to visit. Did it work? Something did. My son has never been in pre-trial a second time.

John knew the DTES, Vancouver's notorious Downtown East Side. I do, too. I have seen the heart of the DTES which you will not see by driving through it along Hastings Street to get somewhere else. I have seen both sides; the anger and anguish, hopelessness, despair, addiction, unimaginable pain, loss, grief and fear. I have seen the hope, help, gratitude, joy, sharing, healing, mentoring, transformation, growth, compassion, courage.

I have seen sex workers define themselves according to societies' values and feel worthless, de-humanized and victimized. Through their own loss of self, they provide a valuable service which is recognized as evil, contemptuous and deserving of punishment and alienation. Damn, that hurts. Can I change it? We will see. I have some ideas.

The Women's Centre on Columbia Street is always a source of hope and inspiration to me. Each woman, volunteers and staff and participants have a reason to be there. Different reasons. Those reasons, those stories and personal experiences inspire me. When I stand alone, I am powerful. When I allow loving people into my life, my power - our power increases exponentially. When I am given confidences, it is acknowledgment that I am trusted. I heal. They heal. Conversations cover a wide territory. I am edified by the positive points of view which contain success gained and acknowledgment of the benefits of being pulled through another knothole in order to experience dissolution of that which no longer serves; to be burned in the fire of adversity in order to rise like the Phoenix and to teach others.

The women of the DTES are my teachers, my inspiration and aspiration. The Downtown Eastside is my Sacred Place and Healing Space.

## ***A Chipmunk Goes To War by Patrick Bruskiewich***

One day I left the front door of my apartment open and while I was in the kitchen, with my back turned to the corridor between the front door and my living room I had the sense I was being watched.

Sure enough, when I turned my head to look, there was the little chipmunk I had gotten to know and respect. I had been talking to him from time to time as I watched him go about his business, running along the old sun bleached rough wood fence in the front yard of my apartment building, or rushing up and down the fir or Douglas trees that lined the boulevard.

I can relate to this little creature in a direct and personal way. I live on the side of a mountain in Vancouver and this little guy was a much welcome distraction from the unfeeling beasties – the speeding Porsches, Mercedes Benzes and Audi's – that zipped down the road in front of my apartment. While crossing the street I once had to play matador to a BMW and even wrote a poem about my encounter with the devil,

Yes, I could relate to my little friend. This is why I did not mind when he came to visit me, for I sensed he was there to thank me for my assistance.

The little chipmunk was a hearty soul and by the attentiveness of his little eyes I knew that it a wise little creature. I had seen him out smart crows who tried to swoop down on him to harass him. The crows in our neck of the woods were too numerous and have taken to cruel and pragmatic means



to survive, going so far as to learning how to turn turf and grass in search for grub. In doing so they had been disturbing the chipmunk's stashes of pine nuts and the like, and he was not amused. The little chipmunk took to his private war with these awful pests. Of course, they would have none of it.

The little chipmunk was outnumbered a good dozen to one but that did not at all deter him from his course. He was not going to be driven out of his home or stomping grounds by the evil clutch of noisy interlopers. I swear the evil beasts even took to bringing in more and more of their kin in their own private war with the little creature. On one particular afternoon I counted two dozen crows stooped atop the trees cawing at the top of their beastly little voices.

To a proud little creature like my friend there is nothing more revolting than their communal caw. Yet my little friend was not going to give up without a brave struggle. When he ventured down from the trees one or two and sometimes even three of the crows would take to the air and try to nab him as he went about his daily business. By the middle of the morning even an American eagle had taken an interest in the whole drama and was circling high over head.

As the morning progressed into the early afternoon and the cawing got more insistent the eagle began to spiral closer and closer to the drama until the crows realized that it was getting too close for even their comfort. It was almost as if the eagle wanted to do his own battle with the ceaseless crows.

I had seen them chase this particular eagle through the sky like little fighters trying to shoot down a much bigger bomber. The eagle had played with them, drawing the crows higher and higher into the air atop the columns of warm air that it was gliding on. The crows, mind you, had to flap their way to higher air. The eagle did not. Eventually the crows tired out and plummeting one by one down to earth.

On this afternoon a few of the more aggressive crows took off after the eagle, leaving perhaps twenty or so, on their perch. Even the eagle had come to the chipmunk's defense. I somehow knew that the eagle respected the little chipmunk who was making war with the crows.

Outnumbered as he clearly was, still the little chipmunk stood his ground, keeping a vigilant eye on the clutch of evil beasts. It was about two in the afternoon when the next phase in this little drama played out. Several of the more obnoxious crows swooped down and began to peck at the little reservoirs of pine nuts the chipmunk had worked so hard to secret away. This was too much for the little guy and so he started to chirp madly, and even rushed the smaller of the crows – like a little matador. For a slip second the surprised crow yielded his ground until the other crows kicked up a fuss and swooped down *en mass* on my little friend.

That was too much for me to watch.

I respected the little guy and so I picked up a handful of small rocks and well, I evened the odds. Once I was finish there were a bunch of feathers

flying about, no crow to be seen and I had made a friend for life. The crows have left him be ever since.

The following day was when my little friend came for his visit to thank me.

## Prose

## ***Confessions of the Bullied by Katia***

Morning. I silently stand in the middle of my rented room. There is no one but me and the mirror in the room. A round, slightly tarnished mirror in a black wrought frame. The only witness of my nudity and the most vicious enemy thereof.

Following a famous children's fairy-tale I appeal, "*Magic Mirror on the wall, who's the fairest one of all?*"

'Well,' the mirror lingers, 'you know... I wish I could say that it is you, but you know the truth, don't you?'

*Bloody traitor!* Boiling with anger for such a blunt answer, I turn my face, I turn in profile, I suck my tummy in, I twirl, I have a deep sigh and ... turn away from this one-eyed shamer. Apparently, the Mirror knows the truth – I am fat. Unaltered, this everlasting morning ritual goes on and on, for years, ever since I was at school.

My school, my *alma mater*, an official white three-stored building with long hallways stretched along the bare walls and classrooms full of desks placed in orderly rows. A point for rendezvouses with Pushkin and Lermontov, Darwin and Gagarin, Peter the Great and Einstein, in sum with a lot of prominent individuals, but for our own "*Is*". A bulwark of knowledge to learn about Newton's Laws, Pascal's Law, and Roman Law, in sum a whole corpus of laws, but for the laws of life and human relations. In this Kingdom

of wisdom and science, in the Pride of my class we were akin to young lions without an alpha male. Disunited, competitive, disconnected. Those, different from the rest in terms of academic achievements, social status, appearance, were either marginalized or bullied. What trouble was the one in, had he or she become a scapegoat in the Pride! The stronger ones would not bite, but they would roar and huff until the weaker ones are pushed to the wall and has nothing left but to counterattack.

It is easy as ABC to guess that it was me who played the role of a scapegoat in our class, a big, fat scapegoat. Although I was not really fat, but I always had a couple of extra kilos or roughly speaking I was a solid-bodied child. As a result, ever since Grade 1 and almost until Grade 8 I was endlessly bombarded with abusive words mainly by my male classmates. ‘Жирная корова (zhirnaya korova)! Толстуха (tolstukha)! Жиромясокомбинат пром-сосиска-лимонад (zhiromyasokombinat prom-sosiska-limonad)! Жиртрес (zhirtres)!(in translation: fat cow, ‘Big Bertha’, all meat and no potatoes, lard-ass) ’ — it is just a short list of the taunts that I was bullied with. I cried, I tried to bully back until one day my patience detonated and I ended up fighting with one of my classmates.

It was one of the days in my *alma mater*. The day that I vividly remember up to date. That day another barb remark casually spitted out of my female peer’s mouth literally unleashed my long-suppressed emotions. Driven by primitive instincts, in one of the lounges, which our long, bare-walled hallways ended in, I jumped on that girl like a panther. *Ouch!* I grabbed hold of her hair. *Zip!* She tore the sleeve of my white blouse. *Boy oh boy! A*

crowd of curious students gathered around without making attempts to part us.

The day that followed I recollect myself standing in the limelight, in front of the whole class, my parents - to the right, my teacher - to the left, and a couple of dozens of eyes gazing at me. While our teacher is inquiring the class about the initiator of the fight and the causes for conflict, I am hopelessly appealing to my classmates for support and explanation of the situation. With the lump in my throat, being ashamed for having picked a fight, I silently entreat of acquitment. With the eyes full of tears, being a victim of bullying, I search for compassion in the eyes of my peers. But the class is as quiet as a grave. All seated with their heads low, none dared to speak up. The air smells with fear. No-one wants to put their neck on the line. No one wants to be called a slander. The presence of our teacher barely disturbs this silent landscape.

The only voice, that pierced the silence that day, was the one of my closest friend. Having said that, her position in the class was much somewhere at the edge of the pride.

But the courage of this timid girl was that of the alpha male. She bravely stood up to explain that the fight had worked as a defensive reaction towards body shaming I had been continuously exposed to within the walls of my own classroom. She maintained that the other girl's teasing resulted in fight. *Yes! Yes! That's true!* A number of heads nodded in agreement. *I am sorry!* Brought to bay, the insulter had to surrender and apologize for her words.

*Thanks God, the conflict resolved!* The teacher sighed in relief and suggested to go back to the lesson material.

If you asked me what followed up, I would say NOTHING. We did not have any follow-up lesson on bullying, interpersonal relationships, or tolerance. Bullying towards me and the other, emotionally weaker, members of the class persisted until the end of my secondary school.

However, *I do not blame my teacher*. No matter how much my self-confidence suffered throughout the schooling year. She was all nice and kind, although, a little spineless, she knew her subject well and did whatever was within her competence to educate us. Successfully teaching us the Arts of Russian and Literature, she nevertheless failed to teach us the Science of Life with its Arts of Love, Respect, Acceptance, and Sympathy.

But *I do not blame my teacher*, no matter how difficult it is for me now to build trustful relationships with males. Perhaps, teaching about these issues was not within her competence.

*I do not blame my teacher* whatsoever, no matter how much I hate to look every morning in that round, slightly tarnished Mirror in a black wrought frame. Possibly, it was an experience to be learnt from.

Looking back at this experience I wonder if I could react differently in that situation. Could I avoid that fight? Could I speak up for myself in front of the classroom? Could I, at the end of the day, shut off the flow of insults?



Perhaps, I could if I had had some knowledge of interpersonal relationships, if I was aware of the anger control techniques, or if I knew the rules of the peaceful settlement of the conflicts. Unfortunately, I was left alone in the face of these grave matters. I was lonely. Lonely in the classroom community that was divided into clans and lonely trying to personally fight against the issue of ever decreasing self-esteem. Given impersonalized nature of Russian education, the role of schooling is strictly narrowed down to the acquisition of academic knowledge. The teacher is hence no more than just a data transmitter. Creating a safe classroom community, paying attention to the development of a psychologically healthy individual and building trustful interpersonal relationships are matters outside the Russian teachers' scope of activity. The amount of teachers' paperwork is often so high while the salary rate is so shamefully low that they are literally discouraged to go beyond their academic activities. That is why I do not blame my teacher, as it was not her personal fault. It was and is rather a systemic problem. And that is why cases of bullying, body shaming, and peer pressure always existed, and I bet still exist, in Russian schools.

I wish I could justify Russian teachers but, on the downside, the above mentioned problems directly affect the health of the whole society. Those kids grow up in *unconfident* adults who are (just like me) unable to succeed in career or personal relationships because they were not taught to be team players and to love themselves. Those kids grow up in *racist* and *intolerant* individuals who keep on calling Afro-Americans names and shaming those who stand out in the crowd because they were not taught about the beauty of diversity. Those kids grow up in *rude* and *impolite* adults who try to forcedly

solve all the conflicts just because they were not taught how to do it the other way around. Broadly speaking, residing in the position of a bystander the teacher becomes a companion in crime. The crime against a person, against personality, against identity.

My personal struggle will probably continue forever, but as a pre-service educator and as a victim of the bystander teacher, I would like to make everything possible to animate the educational process and make it more personalized. The importance of close, confidential relations between the teacher and the students is hard to overestimate. Friendship, sense of community, but most importantly, safety should become the core of my educational philosophy. I believe that it is within my power to teach students not only the Art of Language, but in doing so, introduce them to the Arts of Love, Respect, Acceptance, Tolerance, and Sympathy.

Vancouver, 2019

## ***A Cross to be Borne by Patrick Bruskiewich***

My introduction to diplomacy began the day after Christmas, 1972, when I was not quite eleven years old. I remember the day clearly for two reasons. First that was the day that President Harry S. Truman passed away and secondly, that was the day my uncle Vincent Lang opened up to me and told me of his mother, my paternal great grandmother, and the tragedy of her rape and murder.

The story my uncle recounted to me that day was a very moving one and remains in my heart constantly. It was perhaps the news of the death of the wartime President, or perhaps it was the traditional Christmas dinner, complete with warmed Polish Vodka, that opened my uncle's heart to speak to me as we sat together in the small room where they kept their simple black and white television. The story he told me that day focused on our family as much as bigger matters.

Without a formal declaration of war the Soviet army invaded Eastern Poland on the 17<sup>th</sup> of September, 1939, sixteen days after their allies of the time, Hitler's Germany, had invaded Poland from the West. This was the first time I heard of the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact and the rape and destruction of Poland by Germany and Soviet Russia. My uncles, Vincent and his brother William, were both sergeants both experts at radio and battlefield communications. They were then stationed in different divisions on the eastern borders facing the Soviet Army.

The battle against the invading Red Army lasted a valiant 20 days and ended by the encirclement and capture of around 250,000 soldiers of the Polish Army. My two uncles were captured by the Soviets and put in gulags, with no prospect of long-term survival and no prospect of repatriation, as was required by the Geneva Convention.

All the Polish officers amongst captured by the Soviets were summarily shot at Katyn. In the spring of 1940 around 8,000 Polish Officers were executed by the Soviets, at the order of Stalin and his Politburo.

In total around 22,000 people were murdered by the Soviets that spring, not just Polish officers, but police men, priests, doctors, lawyers, teachers and any one who the Soviets perceived as being a threat to their occupation of Poland.

Amongst the 22,000 victims was a personable fifty year old, outspoken Polish patriot, a mother of three, with a daughter living in Canada (Rose, my paternal grandmother) and two sons, both sons in the Polish Army, my uncles Vincent and William. My uncles survived the war but their mother didn't. Their father had died of natural causes a few years before.

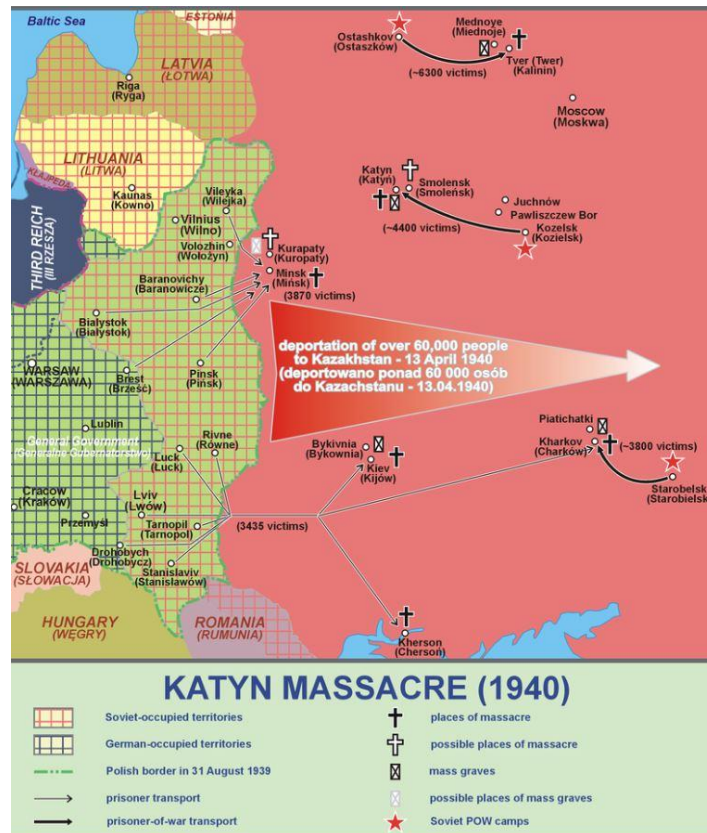
When the NKVD, the Soviet secret police, came for my great grandmother in the spring of 1940 they first stripped her of the gold cross and chain around her neck, not because religious icons were forbidden but merely because they coveted the precious metal. Then they wrenched from her hand the simple wedding band she wore. She was not allowed to pack a bag,

but was carried away against her will. It was then that my great grandmother knew that she would not be coming back and that the fate that awaited her was to be raped and murdered.

Somewhere amongst the remains of the 3400 victims who were sent to be exterminated by the Soviets at Kiev in Ukraine are the bones of a woman whose genes I share, my paternal great grandmother. But I share more than that, I share a responsibility to remember her and act in a way that respects her memory.

My two uncles spent the years 1940 to 1942 in a Soviet gulag near Kharkov. In 1942 the NKVD would enter their camp and tell them, *“join the Soviet Red Army in our patriotic fight against the Ghermans, or we shall shoot you here, like we did your officers.”*

For nearly three years the Poles that were pressed into service with the Red Army fought and died. Of the 6,000 soldiers in Vincent’s division that survived 1939 less than 600 would survive the war, a casualty rate of around 94 % (they started the war in 1939 with around 10,000 soldiers in their division). It was common for the Soviets to march non-Russian soldiers in front of their tanks to clear the mine fields, a brutal technique that would once again be used in the Iran-Iraq war in the 1980’s.



Forced into service with the Red Army in the summer of 1942, both of my uncles would fight at the defence of Stalingrad and at the great tank battle at Kharkov. Later in the war both my uncles would serve with distinction under General Konstantin Rokossovsky, liberating several gruesome concentration camps, including Auschwitz in January, 1945.

Since he spoke several languages, including Polish, Russian, Ukrainian, Hungarian, German, French and English my uncle said he was one of the first Polish soldiers to pass through the gates of Auschwitz at its liberation and would remember holding a young boy “not much older than me,” as he expired of malnutrition in his arms, the young boy living just long enough to die a free man.



My uncle was a stoic man. Most Poles are. But when he told me of the death of this little boy, this was the only time I saw Vincent cry. He has seen death on the battle field, “but never the death of a poor child.”

#### LIBERATION OF MAJOR NAZI CAMPS, 1944-1945



— US Holocaust Memorial Museum

My uncles would return home after Victory in Europe day to find their home occupied by total strangers, their possessions long before looted and everything of sentimental value, save the home they had lived in, gone forever.

Both were awarded medals for their bravery and service. He showed me his medals, some from the Polish Government in Exile in London, some from the post-war Polish Government in Warsaw, and ironically, some from the Soviet Army itself.

It was towards the end of the afternoon that he searched for and showed me a book about Auschwitz, and I was horrified. It was incomprehensible to me that such horrors had been done. Then he looked into my eyes with his grey and expressive eyes and said such horrors still exists throughout the world.

He also told me that “in the great battles and push to the Oder along the southern front, more people died to liberate Auschwitz than perhaps died in the camp itself.” I have shared this with a number of my Jewish friends and those who have understood the impact of the words I think are few and far between.

More citizens of the Soviet Union died during the Second World War than inmates that died in the concentration camps. That fact does not diminish the horrors of the holocaust and the 12.6 million who perished in the camps. It reminds us to look beyond our prejudices and to facts, however we feel.

In a 1993 study by the Russian Academy of Science it was estimated 26.6 million Soviet citizens lost their lives during the Second World War, including 8.7 million Soviet soldiers, amongst them those conscripted into the Soviet Army.



Approximately 6 million poles died in the Second World War, about one-fifth of the pre-war population. This includes about 150,000 Poles who died at the hands of the Soviets during the period 1939 to 1945. One of these lost souls was my great grandmother.

It was during this talk with my uncle about the fate of my great grandmother that I first heard mention of the word non-combative, of International Law and of Geneva and Hague Conventions. He said his mother was a non-combative and should have been protected by the Geneva and Hague Conventions.

At the beginning of their battle with the Soviets in September 1939 my uncle's officers lined the soldiers up, handed out little booklets that outlined the Geneva and Hague conventions and reminded the Polish that their salute had two fingers one for God and one for Country, and that they would be judged by both if they did not serve in a way befitting Polish Citizens.

Despite the brutality inflicted on them by both the Germans and the Soviets my uncles said there was no occasion known to him that Polish soldiers forgot their pledge to God and Country.

I recall my uncle saying to me that *“while the Soviets were quick to battlefield justice and would shoot German prisoners, particularly the SS they captured, Polish Soldiers abided as best they could under the circumstances to the terms of the Geneva and Hague Conventions and did not shoot German prisoners.”* I remembered he smiled and poured himself

another vodka when he toasted the fact that “*Poland is a Catholic nation and Poles are more European than the Russians.*”

We would have continued talking for hours had there not been a knock at the door and a call to dinner. I had to help my uncle to his seat given the melancholic and inebriated state he was in. That would be the first and last time my uncle would speak to me with such candour. His state of melancholy would set a damper to the Christmas festivities that year. From that moment onward, my aunt Olga, his wife, who could only speak Polish and Russian and never learned how to speak English, would in fact keep him from ever again remembering of the *Wojna* which is Polish for war. It was just too painful for my uncle Vincent.

I do not to this day really know why he opened up to me. Perhaps it was his sense of my interest in history? Perhaps it was the need to pass to someone the story of his life and the tragedy of my great grandmother? Or perhaps it was the sense I have a good heart and catholic soul and that heart and soul would step forth to help others oppressed by war?

Or perhaps, as I have already mentioned it he knew it was my responsibility to remember my great grandmother and act in a way that respects her memory.

## ***Devil's Syndicate (Chapter One) by Chris Draperster***

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Simon Hawk had returned from fishing in the San Francisco Bay and was on his houseboat cleaning his fishing rods, sitting in a fold out chair sipping idly from a can of Corona. He'd purchased the boat from a retired navy man in Riverside and 'Little Giant' as he called it boasted a 55-foot aluminium hull, dual 100-horsepower inboard motors and a custom 8K watt generator which was more than enough juice to allow him to cruise the harbour waters with ease. He even had a smaller 10-foot fishing boat with a separate engine moored to the side that he used whenever he felt the itch to do some fishing, and today was a perfect day for just that.

The weather that July had been pristine and he'd spent most days lounging around in a pair of khaki shorts and his favourite tropical dress shirt that he'd picked up on sale at a shop in the Wharf. On a good day his plastic pail held a collection of both fresh and salt water fish including Yellowfin Goby, Arrow Goby, Starry Flounder and if he got lucky, maybe some Pacific Herring too which was becoming more scarce in the Bay. He would sometimes skin and cook the fish on his boat and share it with his friends on the harbour –or other times might sell it to a local fish market in the Wharf called Benny's.

The boat bobbed gently with the crosscurrents sifting in from the Pacific as Hawk finished cleaning his last rod, then he gazed out at the waters with a

smooth breeze wafting his sandy-coloured hair. He enjoyed the freedom of being able to drift aimlessly around the harbour on lazy summer afternoons such as this one.

His cat Sprinkles, a Siamese he'd picked up from an animal shelter with his wife Helen, jumped up on his lap and he stroked her behind the ears. He shut his eyes and listened to the soft lapping of the waters against the side of the boat when he thought he heard some footsteps walking on the wooden docks nearby. They grew louder until they stopped near the side of the boat to his right.

Hawk opened his eyes, looked over and saw a slim man with a briefcase wearing a dark business suit standing on the dock smiling at him. Hawk thought he looked to be his early forties and thought at first that maybe it was someone from the judicial system paying him a visit about the Tony Risotto case. Then he remembered that the case wasn't due to start for another month and it would be too early for someone to come and see him. Before Hawk could think about it any further the man called over.

“Hello there Captain! Am I free to come aboard?”

Hawk looked at him for a second, scratching the stubble on his chin, nodded. “Sure, why not. The entrance is just around the side or if you prefer you can hop over the railing there.”

“Thanks.” The man clumsily brought one leg over the side and Hawk thought he might trip and fall into the water but then balanced himself with

the boat's sway and brought both feet down on deck. Hawk motioned with his head toward an empty seat nearby and the man sat down across from him. He saw the man was looking around at all the fish scattered in whitepails on the deck and suddenly felt a little self conscious. It wasn't everyday someone in a swanky suit showed up on his boat and it wasn't everyday his boat stank like raw fish, stale beer, and salt water either.

“Sorry about the mess.” Hawk said. “I was out fishing earlier and haven't had a chance to clean up yet.”

“That's quite all right with me.” The man said and Hawk noticed he spoke with the air of someone well-read. Maybe he was a lawyer after all. “Catch anything good?” He asked.

“I think so.” Hawk said. “I can always tell I've had a good day by how my cat reacts.” Sprinkles was on the deck now pawing at one of the pails of dead fish. “See if I bring in a haul and she ignores it then I know I made a bad catch for the day. But if she's down there like she is now, pawing away at them, that means she's happy and I've done well for myself.”

They both chuckled and watched Sprinkles for a moment as she inspected the fish like a pet detective, sniffing the air around the pails and peering over into them.

“So how can I help you mister --”

“Mr. Wagner.” The man said cutting in. “Mr. Harvey Wagner.” He stood up and they shook hands. “Glad to meet you Mr. Hawk.”

“You know my last name. I take it we've met before then?”

“Well yes and no.” Wagner cleared his throat. “You see, I've heard about you a great deal through the press over the past year, although I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you face to face like this.”

“I hope it was worth the wait.” Hawk said. “What can I do for you?”

“Well you see I am facing a personal crisis of sorts of which I feel you may be able to assist me.”

“And what kind of personal crisis would that be?” Hawk reached over and grabbed another beer out of the cooler and offered one to Wagner.

“Oh no thank you I never drink while discussing business.” Wagner said. “To get to the point, my daughter Dottie has been missing and I heard you may be able to help me locate her. A friend of mine said he read about you in the paper and mentioned you were a bounty hunter.”

“I prefer the term bail recovery agent.” Hawk smiled. “It sounds more modern than the phrase bounty hunter. Otherwise people think they're hiring some sort of desperado, which I'm not.”

“Yes that is a good point you have there.” Wagner said. “I will keep it in mind.”

“So why did you decide on me for this job of yours?” Hawk asked. “If you know who I am you must also know that I have some baggage...for lack of a better word.”

“I looked more into your history and was impressed by what I uncovered. You had the highest closure rate of any vice officer in San Francisco history and I also must admit that your personal story had quite a sway on me as well. You've had quite an interesting year.”

“That's putting it mildly. How did you find out where I lived?”

“Simple really. I have friends in high places: politicians, businessman, journalists, it didn't me take long to receive word you were living on the harbour and when I found out you were here, I simply asked one of your neighbours to tell me which boat was yours. People seem mighty friendly on the piers.”

“Nice to know I have my privacy.”

“You have nothing to worry about, I'm not one to divulge information to others. Unless it involves my own sanity of course. Which is why I've come to you to help me find my daughter, she has been missing for close to three months now.”

“So why only start looking for her now? Why not three months ago?”

“I tried to find her on my own but had no luck. I guess I kept hoping she would come back on her own but when a few months went by and she still hadn't returned I knew it was time to seek help elsewhere. Plus, I'm not a man of action anyway. I suppose I could have went to the police but I didn't want them involved as the publicity wouldn't have looked good on the Wagner name. I assume you know of the Wagner's?”

Hawk nodded. “I recall hearing the name from somewhere. TV I think.”

“Then you might also know that I am a prominent healthcare investor and businessman in the San Francisco area. Dottie is my only daughter and means everything to me. I *must* find her.”

Hawk stood up and walked over to the railing with his back to Wagner. He could see Alcatraz island floating in the distance with its' lone watch tower perched high above the rest of the Bay like a guardian of the seas. He wondered if this hotshot businessman really knew what he was getting himself into.

“I think you're forgetting something though Mr. Wagner.” Hawk said keeping his eyes fixed on the island. “I'm not in the business of tracking down missing people. That's the job of a private investigator and you could



easily find fifty of them in this city alone. My job is to find and apprehend criminals who have jumped bail, hence the term bail recovery agent.”

Mr. Wagner came up beside him and rested his hands on the rail. “That's not what you did when you found Tony Risotto though, you killed his men and brought Tony back with more than a scratch.”

“That was different. They fired on me first and Tony tried escaping again while we were on the highway. Plus if you read the papers you would also know that Tony --”

“ --was responsible for the death of your child and the injuries of your wife. Yes I know this already to which I must say I am very sorry. But you see, that's also one of the reasons why I came to you. If you must know, I did speak to other private investigators before stumbling upon your name and they all lacked one thing that you have.”

“Which is?”

“Loss.” Wagner was looking at him again in a searching way, trying to find that flicker of emotion he thought he'd seen when he mentioned Hawk's wife and child. He had to admit that this former cop hid it well. “You know what it's like to lose someone you love. And maybe I haven't suffered as greatly as you have, but I still know you must be able to emphasize with me at least a little bit. And after reading about you further I feel that it's this emotion that would drive you to search for my daughter like no one else could. That is the reason why I came to you. And that's why I know you will say yes.”

“And if I don't?”

“I know you will.” Wagner said. “I feel taking on my case would be extremely, how should I put it, *advantageous* to your current situation.”

“What makes you think that?”

“Well, it's no secret that you're currently embroiled in the Tony Risotto case that must take up much of your time. It's also no secret that your wife Helen is in a special care unit that requires quite a bit of cash to keep her there. If you don't mind me asking, how much do you spend on employing the care of that facility?

“About \$100,000 per year.”

“Yes that's right. Plus the extra costs of medication as well.”

“You seem to know a lot about me Mr. Wagner. I'm not sure I like that.”

Wagner smiled warmly. “As I mentioned before, I do have friends in high places and I needed to make sure you were the right person for the job. So I had them do a bit of research for me. Please understand it wasn't meant to do you any harm.”

“So you've told me what you need done. What you haven't told me yet is how all of this is supposed to help me.”

“I apologize for digressing. I can offer you five hundred thousand dollars to find and bring back my daughter, half of which I can deposit in your account tomorrow if you decide to take on the case.”

Hawk whistled. “That's quite a tidy sum. Even for a man of your means. You must really want to find her.”

“Of course I want to find her.” Wagner said. “And the money is inconsequential –it's to ensure you do the best job possible. And the other reason why I think you should take on my case is that being involved in the healthcare industry enables me to know many important people.”

“Yeah I get the point! You're kind of like Mother Teresa minus the stripes and sari. Is that it?”

Wagner laughed and shook his head. “No I wouldn't say that. What I mean is that I am friends with many of the best doctors in the world and I'm confident that one of them would be able to do something for your wife.”

“Go on.”

“Many of these doctors are working on revolutionary techniques that haven't yet seen the light of day. If I tell them about your situation, I know they would be more than willing to help Helen.”

“So you're saying if I find your daughter you'll make Helen okay again?”

“I'm not saying it's 100% but I am saying that we will do the best we can.”

“Hmm.” Simon got up and walked inside to the boat's cabin and Wagner followed behind.

“You know, if I take on this case, there could be legal barriers I could run into if Dottie is found in another state. Not all state's accept people like me with open arms you know. Oregon for instance bans people in my trade altogether.”

“You let me worry about that. All you have to worry about is finding Dottie and bringing her home safe. Besides, when did the law ever stop you from doing what you wanted before?”

“True.”

Wagner leaned over to pick up a photo of Helen sitting on a small coffee table. It was a wedding portrait taken the day she and Hawk were married and Helen looked radiant with her glowing olive complexion and long dark

hair hanging down one side of her face. Hawk remembered the day like it was yesterday.

“She's very beautiful.” Wagner said inspecting the photo. “I'd love to have the chance to help her if you'd let me.”

Wagner handed the photo to Hawk and he stared at it briefly before placing it back on the coffee table. He felt Wagner watching him, perhaps to look for a trace of sadness, but there was none. Hawk had learned long ago how to hide his feelings from the prying scrutiny of others. It went hand in hand with being a former cop. Hawk changed the subject. “And what will happen to the Tony Risotto case if I have to leave the state to find Dottie? I just can't take off in the middle of something so important.”

“I give you my word that if you need to be back here for anything I'll cover your travel fare at a moment's notice. I would also need you to sign a contract stating that you would make me and my case your sole priority. That means you wouldn't be able to take on any other cases until this one is complete.”

“And what if I don't find her?”

“Then you will receive half of the money and I will still see what I can do for Helen.”

“So what's stopping me from just sitting on my boat for a month, then lying and telling you I didn't find anything?”

Wagner smiled and his front teeth showed over his lip. “I know you better than that. Judging from what I've read and heard, you're not the kind of man who would screw somebody over. You have too much integrity for that.” He paused, then: “So will you find my daughter Mr. Hawk?”

Sprinkles came in and rubbed herself against Hawk's leg. He knelt down and rubbed her back and she toppled over on her side and stretched out her arms and legs. Hawk asked, “When would you need an answer?”

“You have exactly one minute to decide.” Wagner said checking the time on his phone. “If not I have an appointment with...another bail recovery agent as you put it after I leave here. If you take on the case I will let him know his services are no longer required.”

“If I take your case I do things my way, that means I don't have any outside interference from you unless I ask for it.”

“I wouldn't have it any other way.” Wagner said pulling out some papers from his briefcase as well as handing Hawk a USB flash drive. “You can have free reign of your search for Dottie so long as you keep me informed of your progress on a weekly basis. I have a cellphone number that's been registered as a toll free that you can call anytime you need to reach me. Everything you need is on that USB drive as well as in the folder if you need

printed copies. It has all of the information I have on Dottie including current photos, her last known whereabouts, places where she could be, etc. The folder also contains the contract I'll need you to look over and sign. If you have any questions please don't hesitate to call. All of my contact information is in there. Now if you excuse me I have to cancel that other meeting then head to a charity event.” Harvey Wagner walked back towards the boat's entrance and Hawk stood up and followed him.

“I'll need to come by your place tomorrow to go through her room and see if I can find anything.” Hawk said. “I'll also need access to her computer if she has one and anything else you think is relevant.”

“I will arrange to be there all day tomorrow.”

“Oh and I wanted to ask you something else. Can you think of any reason why someone would want to kidnap your daughter?

“None whatsoever.” Wagner looked worried for a moment. “Are you insinuating that she could have been kidnapped?”

“Right now I need to consider every angle, which means I can't overlook the possibility she might have been kidnapped.”

“If you read through some of my notes in the folder, I noted that I believe Dottie ran away. The day after I found out she was gone, I discovered that I

was missing a large sum of money from my wallet. Which leads me to believe she took the money and went off somewhere.”

“Is there any reason why she would want to run away?”

“I don't think so. I gave her everything she could want. We were very financially stable.”

“Okay well let me go through the folder you have here and see what I can do. Tomorrow I'll have more questions for you.”

“Yes I expect you will.” Wagner stepped off the boat onto the dock and shook hands with Hawk once more. “Thanks again for doing this Mr. Hawk, I have faith you will bring my daughter back to me.”

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After Wagner left Hawk stood there for a moment thinking about what had just happened. A man he had never met before stopped by his boat asking him to find his missing daughter. The entire situation had caught him off guard and now that he was on his own again he started to have doubts whether he could even do the job. He had a second thought to call Wagner before he visited the other person he'd considered for the job and tell him he couldn't do the case but then stopped himself.



It was for Helen. Wagner had said that he could possibly help her and even if there was the slightest chance of getting her back to normal then he had to do it. There was no question. Even if it meant missing a court hearing on the Risotto case. He wasn't needed at the trial anyway unless they had to ask him more questions and he'd already answered everything before on numerous occasions.

Something about Wagner bugged him a little though, although he couldn't quite pinpoint what it was. Maybe it was how he seemed to know so much about his life. But then again Hawk's life was no secret affair and a lot of it could be found online if you looked hard enough. While talking to Wagner he'd also realized where he'd seen him before. It had been at the annual police gala held every year to honour the top members of the San Francisco Police Department. Wagner had been there as a guest speaker and made a speech about an upcoming health device that would save lives by extracting a bullet wedged in the body and reduce internal bleeding until the victim made it to a hospital. The device had been tested and was slated to be released sometime in the near future. Wagner had said in a glowering speech that it would save the lives of many cops in the field.

Hawk went back into the cabin of his boat and sat down behind his laptop, booted it up. He remembered about his fish still sitting outside in the sun and quickly went out to wrap them up, then placed them in the freezer in seal wraps until he had a chance to clean and skin them properly. A few flies had already started buzzing around the pails and he swatted at them with his hands. He then sat back down and started transferring the files over from the

flash drive Wagner had provided him. While he waited for the transfer to finish he opened up the printed copies and started going through the notes while taking a few bites of a salmon sandwich he had leftover from lunchtime.

He looked at some photos of Dottie Wagner. One showed her in a violet dress with black stilettos, her hair up in a fancy bun. She was alone in the photo and it looked to be at a fancy ball or wedding. *Pretty girl*, Hawk thought. He flipped through a few more pages and stopped on her biographical information. *Mother died when she was just a baby. Complications from childbirth.* He read over Dottie's impressive school report. She held the highest marks in her class and had graduated on top of the honour roll and had also been a ballet dancer.. Now 18, her father had expected her to go into law school at one of the ivy leagues.

Dottie seemed like a bright girl. Why would she want to run away with such a bright future ahead of her? He spent another 30 minutes going through the report then closed the folder and took out his cellphone. He dialed Greg Mitchell's number, an old friend from his days as a vice cop. Greg had been his partner for 8-months before being transferred to the homicide division and had helped Hawk get information on tracking down Tony Risotto. Since Hawk had gone into business on his own he needed Greg's helped gathering information that he wasn't able to retrieve himself and Greg never asked him for anything in return, knowing well that he could get in trouble for providing Hawk with such information.

A husky voice answered, Greg's: "Hello?"

"Greg, it's Simon here. How goes the beat?"

"Hey buddy! Nice to hear from ya. Beat's been so-so lately. Remember those hobo murders we kept having a few months back? Looks like they may have started up again."

"Shit." Hawk said. "Any suspects?"

"Yeah we got one. This teenager who hangs out near the 8-Pin bowling alley on Mission street. He's a tweaker so we think he's been getting jacked then doing the killing."

"Damn. Well hopefully you get the bastard." Simon paused to take another bite of his sandwich. "I've taken on a new case, it's to find someone's missing daughter."

"No shit? How did that come about?"

"He stopped by my boat, said he'd heard of my story with Risotto, said he wanted me to work on the case and that he might be able to do something for Helen. He's involved in the healthcare business and mentioned he might have a doctor that could do something for her."

“That's great news! When do you start? I was getting a bit worried about you sitting on that boat all day, you need some action man.”

Hawk chuckled. “Yeah I've started to put on a beer belly, it's about time to work it off I guess. I don't officially begin until I sign the contract which I plan on doing later tonight. Actually Greg, part of the reason why I called you was because I needed to ask you a small favour.”

He could feel Greg start to smile on the other end of the line. “Let me guess, you want me to look into the girl to see what I can dig up on my end right?”

“You nailed it right on the nose. I need anything you can find on her. Credit reports, arrest history if she has one, employment history, etc. Also see if you can get her phone provider to give you some information as well.”

Greg whistled. “You know you're more demanding than my wife?”

“I'll make it up to you pal. Cop's honour.”

“I'm just stepping back into my office now.” Hawk heard him sit behind his desk. “What's her full name?”

“Dottie Bethany Wagner, born July 17th 2000. Social Security is 545-76-8372 and birth city is San Francisco.”

Greg said, “Okay give me a bit of time to see if I can dig anything up. I'll call you back. By the way, you owe me big for this.”

“I'll buy you a beer next time I see you.”

“Better make that a bourbon.” Greg said and hung up.

10 minutes later he called back and Simon picked up the phone on the first ring. “Anything?”

“Not much but there's a bit. Okay to email you a PDF?”

“Yeah send it over and thanks again Greg.”

“It's all good. I'll stop in on the weekend for that drink. Ciao buddy.”

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Hawk finished going through the folders on Dottie while he anxiously waited for Greg's e-mail. When he saw it appear in his inbox he opened up the PDF and scanned the contents. He started with her personal information first. Most of what was there he'd already seen in the folder from Wagner and there was no date of death recorded which was promising. Then he went through her employment records and couldn't believe his eyes. Dottie's entire work record was a clean slate. Unless she'd had an under the table job she'd never worked a day in her life. Hawk clicked over to the next page

which said in the middle of another empty space: Arrest history -No Prior Convictions.

Not surprised Hawk clicked to Dottie's phone provider record. The last calls were made from a Bay Area 415 area code over 3 months ago that had stopped abruptly. He tried calling her phone number and heard a monotone computer voice on the other line say it was out of service. Undeterred he then called the first number on the list of outbound calls and it rang to a Mastercard customer service line. Hawk hung up and tried the next one. It was for the Greyhound bus terminal on Market street. The number after that was a 305 area code number which he had to look up. He did a search and found out it was a Miami phone number. Hawk called it and after four rings got an answering machine. An old woman with a heavy lisp said he had reached Marjorie Weathers and to leave a message. He hung up, decided to try again later until he reached somebody. He looked over the rest of the phone list. Not much there besides a few of the same numbers already called and a couple other 415 numbers he would have to ask Wagner about tomorrow. Hawk then spent the next 10 minutes going through Greg's report until he finished up with Dottie's credit information. He saw something there that made his eyebrows go up. There had been recent activity on her credit card account. Her score was average and it looked like she had gotten the card a week before disappearing. Hawk took a closer look at the credit card statement. \$243.43 spent at the Greyhound station; \$10 spent at a MacDonald's in San Jose; a small withdrawal of \$60 made at an Esso gas station somewhere in Arizona; \$6 dollars spent at Ronnie's Hamburgers in Albuquerque. The last transaction had been made only 3 days prior at a

place called the Shark Club listed in Miami. Hawk thought Dottie had either ran away and was travelling across the Western states or had been kidnapped and was now possibly in Miami. He sat back on the wooden kitchen chair, stretched out his arms and folded his fingers, then hunched over again and did a Google search for the Shark Club in Miami. He couldn't find a site for the place but a location appeared on the maps near the Miami waterfront that only included one user review (“The beer here tastes like piss mixed with antifreeze. Visit at your own risk!”) He looked a bit further but wasn't able to find any contact information for the place. He took out a small notepad on his desk and jotted down the club's name and circled it then shut his laptop and checked the time. It was 9:25 P.M.

He wondered if Wagner could still be out at the charity event he had mentioned. He bit his lip and hesitated for a moment, then decided to call. Wagner answered on the third ring and Hawk could hear he was in public with loud chatter and the clinks of glasses in the background over the shouts of servers asking for orders.

“Simon Hawk. Just the person I wanted to hear from. How are things going? Do you have news already?”

Hawk could hear the tone of an expectant father in Wagner's voice. It was similar to the way he had sounded himself the day after the accident when he called the hospital to check on Helen's condition. For a second he felt his stomach tighten, then took a deep breath and it subsided.

“Is now a good time to talk?”

“Yes please go ahead. I'll find a place more quiet.” He heard the rancorous clatter in the background grow distant then Wagner returned to the line.

“Okay go ahead please.”

“I was going through some files and did a bit of research on your daughter and there's a couple things I wanted to run by you. I ran up a credit report on Dottie's social security and it says the last place she visited was a place called the Shark Club in Miami. Does that mean anything to you?”

Wagner was silent for a second.

“Mr. Wagner?”

“Sorry,” He cleared his throat. “No I don't believe I recognize any place by that name. And did you say Dottie has a credit card?”

“Yes a Mastercard links up with the address information you gave me for Dottie. Is there a problem?”

“Well it's news to me. I wasn't aware Dottie owned a credit card. I said she could only get one when she turned 19 and that was only if I thought it was the right time for it. I also told her if she did get a credit card that I would require access to her statements and would keep it in my possession at all



times unless I gave her permission to use it. Did you see other charges made on this credit card?"

"Yeah, it looks like the card has a limit of \$1000 and she used it to purchase food and possibly a bus ticket. I tracked the credit card payments as well as her phone calls and it looks like the last trace of her is in Miami."

Hawk could hear the expectant tone in Wagner's voice grow into concern. "Miami? I can't believe that Dottie would be in Miami unless she was kidnapped. What else did you find?"

Simon told him the last of the phone numbers he'd uncovered and asked Wagner if he recognized any of them. He also told him that he called the 305 number but wasn't able to reach anyone yet.

"Well yes," Wagner said. "Most of those numbers are to her cousin who lives near Frisco and some of them are for her piano teacher. I recognize a few of the others too except for the 305. One of the requirements of her having her own phone was that she grant me access to it from time to time, just to make sure she was staying out of trouble and getting her homework done. She must have made the 305 call shortly before disappearing though or I would have noticed it."

"Okay. Did Dottie have any friends in Miami? Anyone she might have went to stay with?"

“Not that I'm aware of.”

“Okay that's all I wanted to ask for now. When is a good time to stop in tomorrow so I can have a look through her bedroom?”

“Please call me before you come and I will make sure to be here,” Wagner said. “Oh and Simon...”

“Yes?”

“After finding out what you have tonight, do you think my daughter is safe?”

“I can't answer that yet Mr. Wagner. I wish I could but all I can tell you is that we've made some progress.”

“I see. Okay thanks for calling again, I'll see you tomorrow.”

Wagner hung up and Hawk laid down on the pull out couch with Sprinkles curled up on his lap. He closed his eyes and tried sleeping but felt restless again –this often happened to him and he couldn't remember the last time he'd had a good night's sleep. Back when he was living with Helen she'd often poke fun at him, saying he slept more than their newborn did. These days though he'd usually have to lay there for hours until sleep would come. He'd tried using medications to help but it always made him feel groggy the next day so he'd decided to stop using them.

Hawk found nights the most difficult of all though. A time when the mind is free to roam at will and there was no telling what kind of memories it might conjure up. During the day there was always things to keep him busy but at night the memories of days gone by paraded through his brain like a pack of wolves.

Tonight he was remembering something he hadn't thought about for a long time. Early on when he'd first started living with Helen she would always say "I've got this one babe," which was usually in reference to some small thing like paying for dinner, or calling a taxi, or even a regular task like doing dishes after a night in. It sort of became their thing for awhile and one year for her birthday Hawk had visited a t-shirt printing kiosk in Union Square and had the phrase emblazoned on a white t-shirt with a photo of him beneath making a silly face. Helen had keeled over with laughter at being presented with such an awkward gift and Hawk laughed to himself now as the memory flooded back to him. Sometimes he would lay there thinking these types of thoughts for hours and half the night would go by unnoticed. Then the next thing he'd know there would be the soft light of dawn creeping through the windows and it would almost be time to get up.

Gradually though his thoughts moved back towards the case he'd just accepted and the uncertainty he felt earlier about being able to pull it off slowly came back to him. Was it true that Wagner might be able to bring back Helen from her eternal slumber? Hawk wasn't sure but he was sure as hell going to do everything in his power to locate Dottie Wagner to find out.

And as he finally began drifting off he had Helen on his mind again and somewhere in his conscious he made a promise to her that he would do whatever it took to bring her back, and the last thing he whispered before the world of sleep overtook him was, “I’ve got this one babe.”

## ***The Big Lie About Beautiful Women by Louie Bolinger***

The greatest fraud perpetrated on malekind started the day the first cave woman put a pat of red clay onto her cheeks and undulated past a loitering cave man. He quickly hoisted his club and pursued her. Since then, man's loftiest desire has been to be loved, to possess, marry and own a beautiful woman. Through the march of centuries this desire has endured—this bright fraud called “beauty” still blinds men.

What really is beauty? Beauty is, of course, a big lie.

Judging by today's beauty standards, Cleopatra could never have gotten a screen-test. She was large, over-weight, and her face was not unlike a dented pillow. But she conquered Caesar, the greatest Roman general—and reduced another Roman warrior, Marc Antony, to a quivering puppy grateful for any of her favors.

If a pretty face or a seductive figure were the only standard for beauty, then the marital rate would have been almost zero, long before man invented the game of statistics.

Queen Nefertiti of ancient Egypt was considered a raving beauty. She painted herself in vivid greens and bright reds and garish purples and dressed in skintight, almost transparent clothes. She was a slender, sylph-like woman who (if her attire allowed movement) would have slinked along the

palace corridors like a shining minx trying to attract a lusty lion. But such a raving beauty would today be judged a raving lunatic.

In the 17th Century, the era of that great artist, Rubens, a female with the painfully thin proportions of Lauren Bacall or Debbie Reynolds would have been ignored for having too little curve and too much bone. Beauties of the 17th Century were women with abundant bosoms and full-blown hips. Today we'd refer to them as hippos.

The criteria for judging women as beautiful are as ever-changing as the position of the clouds. A British critic, Hancock, said, "A woman uncomely in face but golden in voice can win me." Anatole France, a connoisseur of French women, stated: "We have medicines to make women speak; we have none to make them keep silent."

What one man falls for—another man runs from.

In the colonial days of America there was no accurate way of appraising the full beauty of a woman. They were so corseted and smothered under heaps of clothing that the phrase "rugged pioneer women" probably arose from the fact that they needed to be "mighty of muscle" to tote the heaps of clothing they wore. And there was that tantalizing bustle—that deceptive bit of clothly fluff that hornswoggled many a frontiersman into believing he had snared a prize —only to learn that he had been hustled by a bustle.

The belles deemed most beautiful in the Sarasdjinges tribes of Africa are the damsels with the most elongated lips—lips that when fully developed are like walrus flaps. In Padaung, Burma, a female's beauty is appraised by the length of her neck. They stretch their necks by using brass rings, gradually adding rings until they seem like miniature giraffes. Women in the Sesere tribe are highly-prized and desperately desirable if their eyes are crossed. In North Africa the more obese the maid, the larger the following of eager swains.

Beauty expert Vincent Trotta has, from his vast experience with beauty contests, devised a set of rules for determining contest winners: “An imaginary line through the center of the head must pass through the center of the neck and torso, dividing the legs. The projection of this line must pass through the center of the body and between the two heels. The shoulders must be wider than the hip and slope at a 20 degree angle from the neck to the tip of the shoulders. The neck must be graceful and full enough to act as a pedestal to the head.

“The arms must flow along the sides and act as a frame to the body. The legs must fuse at the hips, knees, calves, the heels to join together with little space shown separating the legs. The head should be the crowning glory of the body, the hair-do serving as a frame for the head. No hard edges or lines should separate the face from the hair.

“The lines of the arms should be full but graceful. The fingers slender, neither bony or pudgy, nails well-groomed. According to the height of the

girl, bosom should be well-proportioned and NOT accentuated. The back should be well-proportioned, flat and with no lateral curvature.”

Is this one in fifty thousand anatomical miracle really the source of a woman’s true beauty? What about the strange and mystifying depths sheltered in her heart and mind and soul? And after all, without a man around, a woman is just a female.

However, H. L. Mencken, an expert on almost all aspects of civilization, including WOMEN, has expressed his opinion about the structure of the female.

“The female body, even at its best, is very defective in form; it has harsh curves and very clumsily distributed masses; compared to it the average milk-jug, or even cuspidor, is a thing of intelligent and gratifying design . . . Below the neck by the bow and below the waist astern there are two masses that simply refuse to fit into a balanced composition. Viewed from the side, a woman presents an exaggerated S bisected by an imperfect straight line, and so she inevitably suggests a drunken dollar-mark.”

In contradiction to this thinking, Rodgers and Hammerstein wrote the eminently popular song, “There Is Nothing Like a Dame.”

When the experts disagree, how can the average male know what he considers beauty as it is obvious that face and form do not total up to “total” beauty? And therein lies the big lie.



There are no specific factors upon which to hang the label “beauty”— there are only personal combinations which, when brought together, create the illusion of beauty.

The outstanding women of history were not the luscious Marilyn Monroes or the angelic Audrey Hepburns or the flashing-eyed, tempestuous tempered Rita Hay worths. The women who reduced kings to jelly and ruled the rulers of nations were women with vigorous, complex, exciting PERSONALITIES.

Salome was only thirteen years old when she danced and entranced the moguls of the world. Josephine had too many chins and a long pointed nose but her brilliance of mind and grandness of manner snared elusive Napoleon. Queen Elizabeth was bald, wrinkled and dumpy but she captured the love of the handsomest man of the day, Lord Essex. And the greatest woman of them all—the woman whose face could launch a thousand ships and whose kiss could make a man feel immortal—was beyond description and known only as Helen of Troy. Would she have launched only 500 ships if she had been pigeon-toed? Absolutely!

Our jet-age culture has contributed to the big beauty lie. Lands that were once too remote to reach are now within quick flying distance and the simple qualities that might have determined a woman’s beauty have now become a phantasmagoric mixture of racial blends.

Some men prefer the cultivated, aristocratic Frenchwoman; others choose the dark-eyed Italian type; some select the Moroccan belly-dancer while another level of masculine taste favors the fiery Yugoslavian damsel. Many males are interested in the German house-frau while some are stirred by the peppery senorita and others are hypnotized by the veiled harem girl or the lusty Russian woman or the ivory-skinned, blonde haired Scandinavian. There are even those men who take to the American female typified (or deified) by the chic business woman in tailored attire or the doll in tight fitting dungarees.

But number them one after the other or put them all together and they still don't spell B-E-A-U-T-Y.

Since beauty per se is such an intangible, elusive quality, the only clear way of indicating what beauty might be, is by describing the times when a woman is NOT beautiful.

Example: A woman will not ever be considered beautiful if, while casually chewing gum, she starts popping bubbles—or if, in a moment of loving tenderness she begins cracking her knuckles. A man of taste and breeding will never say, “She is so beautiful” about the, woman who hides her true face behind a make-up mask—or the woman who giggles before being kissed or whose mouth twists and wrinkles or whose voice is shrill when cooing sweet nothings. And no matter how grand or dramatic is a woman's manner, her flair and poise will vanish if during a luxurious dinner party she begins noisily picking her teeth.

Beauty is only skin deep. Her face may be arranged like a landslide of features and she may be built like a lumpy balloon—but if she can cultivate a vibrant personality and a perfect sense of timing—then she will always be considered a rare beauty.

To be what the man wants her to be exactly when he wants her to be it is the first attribute of a beautiful woman. Too many women are like the gorgeous doll who visited her boy friend in prison and gaped dumbly when he asked, “Did you bring the stuff?” She replied, “Not exactly, honey. I got the saw and the eggs and the flour and lard, but how in hell do you bake a cake?”

Another vital attribute of feminine allure is the capacity to inspire or enthuse a male and avoid conversations like the one overheard at a bar during the cocktail hour.

“Darling, do you adore the glow and texture of my hair, is it like newly spun silk?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Are my eyes limpid pools of desire, my lips kissable as rose petals, my nose aristocratic, my ear lobes-drops of delight?”

“Yep.”

“Does the scent of me intoxicate you, the touch of me thrill you, the sight of me send shivers through your soul?”

“Sure, dear.”

“Ooooh, darling, you say the nicest things.”

Fashion is another element necessary to the beautiful woman. But while most men enjoy escorting a well-groomed, well-dressed woman, they dislike a woman who is stylish to the point of being ridiculous—as ridiculous as the woman who related her latest dream to her psychiatrist. “I was walking down the street with nothing on but a hat” The psychiatrist asked, “Did you feel embarrassed?” The woman gushed, “Terribly embarrassed, doctor. It was last year’s hat.”

To be considered a beautiful woman, a woman must be sensitive to the man’s longings. Comfort him in his time of despair, be effervescent with enthusiasm as he pursues his ambitions, patient with his temper-tantrums, a laughing-girl when participating in his fun-loving nature— responsive to his intelligence and appreciative to his wisdom and kindly toward his little-boyishness—fashionable and proper when taken to his places of entertainment, indulgent when he is neglectful, overjoyed when he remembers your birthday, conservative when with company but abandoned when alone, tolerant when he is most vain and complimentary even when he developes a paunch; companionable when he is lonely and self-sacrificing when he insists’ upon teaching you how to exercise.

The big TRUTH about beauty is merely this. Regardless of her face or figure a woman can still be beautiful if she realizes that she cannot be beautiful to all men—but can be the most beautiful woman alive to one man. And even today one man is usually enough for any woman.

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## ***Imagine by Patrick Bruskievich***

{As published in *Forbidden: An Erotic Collection*,  
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The train gave a small jerk, then another and I closed my eyes to try to imagine how we were slowly starting to move. I had the coach car all to myself. I was in the second row of seats on the starboard side. The overhead lights were off and I had turned the small bright overhead spot light above my seat off as well so that I could clearly see out the window. The air had that smell that only a train could have, of diesel and other indistinguishable odors. The air was also at that edge between warmth and coolness. It was early November and fall was very much in the air. In short order the air in the car would turn toasty warm.

It was late on a Saturday night, around 2230 and I was on the red eye Amtrak train from New York on my way to Boston. We would arrive around 5 a.m. I travelled quite a lot around the States from one hospital to another, selling medical equipment. This week I had been in to visit a client at Memorial Sloan Kettering in New York. It had been a productive meeting and I was very happy with the results. We would soon be signing a rather large and complicated multimillion contract. I had the letter of intent burning a hole in my jacket pocket. I was now off to visit some potential clients at Harvard.

While the weekdays were entirely for business, the weekends were entirely my own. I had spent this particular slow and sleepy Saturday morning enjoying the Greek and Roman collection at the Metropolitan Museum. Then it was time to check out of my hotel, then I checked my luggage in at the train station before treating myself to a late lunch at the Russian Tea House. The caviar was superb, as was the fresh pumpernickel bread and homemade butter. The bill was \$ 345 but I convinced myself that was fine, it was a once in a life time experience and I could not imagine any other occasion that would see me treat myself in such a czarist fashion. I knew I had earned it.

It may seem strange but after the Russian tea House I had taken a light supper at a Japanese restaurant not too far from the train station before drifting around a bit window shopping and then hanging out at a Barnes & Nobles. I took a stack of books to my table as I sat and enjoyed a cup of black coffee.

The table I sat at was a reflection of my life. It was small round and had one empty chair. There were no sharp edges in my life, and while I was married I was very much alone because my wife was into the whole marriage thing for herself and no one else. That left me, the other half, empty hearted. It was a measure of things that I was happiest when I was away from her on a business trip doing what I enjoyed, then when I was at home doing nothing of substance.

It really wasn't much of a home, actually, for everything in it glorified the stay at home in the house right down to her growing collection of expensive dinner place settings and Dalton porcelain. I will shop 'till I drop was her mentality, and she spent more than I made. It was like throwing more wood onto an out of control conflagration. I had told her that things had to change, or I would keel over one day with a heart attack, but all she could say was 'don't worry dear, we have life insurance.' To put things into context my aged parents called our place the cuckoo's nest ... it wasn't mine.

It took me eight long years of melancholic married life for me to realize that everyone has a right to be happy and that no one has a right to steal away one's happiness, least of all the other half of married life. I had begun to imagine a better life but did not know how I would find it.

I was also no longer in a hurry to travel about. I wanted to enjoy every moment of my travel, and imagine a second, happier and secret life, away from the cuckoo and her nest. Flying fast hither and thither was no longer a pleasure to me and so I thought on this trip from New York to Boston to savor the moment.

I also felt it would be nice to try something new. Train rides were beginning to be a passion for me. Sure they were slower than plane flights, and a bit more expensive, but they were much better for the body and soul. Besides I felt happier travelling this way and I met so many interesting people on my rail travels.



On this particular evening, for the first time in many years, I was both happy and I sensed I could feel the slightest of nuances. Perhaps it was because of how I felt when I sat wondering of the lives of the artists who had carved the Greek sculptures now at the Met, or maybe it was because I wondered of the man who had made me my caviar somewhere half way around the world, or perhaps it was the aged sushi chef at that busy restaurant who took such great pains to make each plate a work of art, or maybe it was the gothic barista at Barnes & Nobles who had made my coffee, the thousandth cup of her day, or maybe it was thinking how the man on the train got on with his life given its late tedium and nocturnal disruption? There was a tingle in me that was hard to explain, let alone understand.

I could feel the shuddered of the train gather speed, an anticipation of the adventure ahead. I had never before taken this particular train ride. I had taken the Amtrak between New York and Washington, DC. Before when I had gone from New York to Boston on business I had flown. This trip it was time for both a change and an escapade.

We had moved for perhaps a minute when the door at the front of the car swung open hesitantly. I opened my eyes and there appeared a woman in her early twenties, in a bit of disarray. I could imagine her running frantically to catch this train, the last of the day back to Boston. Her and her things tumbled into the seats on the front row opposite to me and she caught her breath. I don't think she saw me. Perhaps she imagined that the car was completely empty and she had the whole place to herself.

She let out a sigh, then cleared her throat. Then sighed a second time as she sat wistfully. I wondered what she was thinking as I studied her in the dim light of the passageway at the front of the coach car. She dressed simply. She wore a thick red sweater, a pale blue pair of jeans and a simple pair of white espadrille running shoes. She carried a small purse, a knap sack and what looked like an artist's sketch book.

It was her sketch book and her sweater that gave her away. I realized that I had seen her earlier that day in the Greek and Roman collection sitting on a bench drawing studiously in her sketch book. I hadn't thought anything of her when I had walked by her at the Met. She had been sketching the Standing Youth, or Kritios Boy, of the 5<sup>th</sup> century BC Greek sculptures. But here on the train it was different. She suddenly became a person of interest for me, if not for the simple reason we would be sharing the journey together, but as well because of her sketch book.

Did I mention the books I sat and looked at when I drank my coffee at Barnes & Nobles were art books? My visits to the public and private art galleries up and down the Northeast had fanned a long dormant flame in my heart for art. It was not just a business visit to Harvard that was taking me from New York to Boston, it was a chance for a pleasurable visit to the Boston Art Gallery for the as well. It would be my first visit to the Boston Art Gallery.

She stood up and kneeled on her seat looking back into the coach car. It was then that she suddenly saw me. I smiled, said hello and asked her how her

day the Metropolitan Museum had gone. She was surprised to both see me and to hear me ask such a question.

I turned on my overhead light so that I did not remain a shadow in the dark. “I was at the Met this morning and saw you at the Greek and Roman exhibit sketching. Are you an artist?” I asked her hoping this would defuse the awkwardness of the moment.

She shook her head. “Not really, I am taking an artist history course.”

“You must be going to university?” I asked.

“I am a student at one of the prep colleges in Boston. And you?”

“I am on my way to Harvard for a few days.”

“You a prof?” There was an edge to her question.

“No ... I sell medical equipment.”

“Oh ...” You could almost feel the tension in her melt away.

“You don’t like academics do you?”

“No ... both my parents are academics. And all their friends too.”

“At Harvard?” I don’t why I asked her this but it hit its mark.

“Yup ... and they drive me crazy! My parents and all their friends too.”

“I can only imagine ... academics drive me bonkers too. I rather enjoy being with real life people better.”

She giggled. I smiled. We had broken the ice.

I offered her my hand. “My name is Patrick.”

“I am Lydia.” She reached over and shook it.

“Let me guess ...”

“Guess what?”

“You took the early train to New York so that you could go to sketch at the Met ... and now you are scurrying home before anyone notices?”

She giggled a second time. “You’re good ... but not perfect.”

“No one is perfect ... that I can tell you.”

“You can ...”

“... from personal experience?”

“The hard way?” She was playing with me.

I nodded.

“You married?”

“Not really.”

“I thought that question had only two answers, yes or no?”

“There is also ... other ...being unhappily married.”

“The hard way?”

I nodded. “How did your sketches turn out?”

“Do you want to see them?”

“Yes please ...” She snatched up her sketch book and sat down, turned on her overhead light then she motioned for me to join her and sit next to her. I got up from my seat, turned off my overhead light and crossed the aisle. I stopped and looked back into the empty coach and then sat beside her.

“Is the train always so empty?” I asked her.

“There are people in the other coaches,” she said.

“I chose this coach because it was empty,” I confessed to her.

“You must be like me. I like quiet places. I don’t like being around noisy people.”

I smiled as she said this. She had her sketch book on her lap. I noticed a large art textbook in her knapsack. Lydia opened her large sketch book. It was a new book and she had filled the first few pages with her sketches. Her sketches were proficient but I immediately noticed something missing.

“You sketched everything about the sculptures except that what makes them male.” As I said this she blushed.

“I can’t ...

“Can’t what?

“I can’t bring myself to draw their naughty bits ...”

It was funny hearing her say that, that I laughed.

“What’s so funny?”

“Naughty bits ... I haven’t heard that since I was at Catholic Middle school.”

“You are Catholic too.” Lydia exclaimed.

I nodded. “But that has never prevented me from drawing the naughty bits of girls.”

“We don’t have naughty bits ...” She was earnest as she said this.

“Come on ... Girls don’t have naughty bits too?” I leaned away as she said this.

“No we don’t!” I wondered if she was just flirting with me.

“May I?” I pointed to her art book. She nodded and handed me her book. I opened it and searched for the painting I was looking for ... Botticelli’s The Birth of Venus.

“See ... women have breasts, a clitoris and a vagina ... for a boy those are naughty bits.” She blushed even more, but remained silent. “Us boys have ...” I stopped and looked at her, wondering why she did not finish my sentence. I opened the textbook to a new section and turned the pages until I found one of the sculptures in her textbook that she had sketched earlier that Saturday at the Met. I set the book onto her lap. “And what do boys have?”

She all but stuttered as she tried to say the p-word.

So I said it for her. “A penis ... boys have a penis.”

“Penis,” she repeated, in a nervous giggle.

“You have never said that word before have you?” I could feel the nervous warmth of her as she shook her head. “Do you want me to stop?” She shook her head slowly a second time.

“What else do boys have in the way of naughty bits?” She shrugged her shoulders so I continued. “We have testicles and a scrotum ... marbles in a marble sac. Have you not had a boy friend?”

Her lips pouted as she said “no. My parents won’t let me.”

I could sympathize with her. “When I was in school my parents did not let me out of their sight. Not that they didn’t trust me ... but they are very Catholic.”

“So are mine.”

“So ... repeat after me. Penis ...”

“Penis ...”



“Testicles ...”

“Testicles.” She managed to merge the words *test* and *icicles* in a fashion I had never heard before.

“Scrotum ...”

“Sco ... thumb.” Close enough, I thought.

“Did you study biology in high school?” I asked.

“No, I took chemistry and physics but not biology.” I could tell that Lydia was disappointed. “My parents are not science types.”

“Oh what do they do?”

“My mother is an English prof and my father teaches law.”

“And you are the only child aren’t you?”

“How did you know?” Lydia was genuinely surprised.

“It seems rather obvious. Two profs for parents. You also strike me as a lonely type. If you are an only child, then you are by nature a lonely type.”

She went silent.

I went back to admiring her drawings. “Your sketches are very well done. What are they for?”

“I am taking an art history course about ancient Greek and Roman sculpture.”

“Does it embarrass you that most of the sculptures are naked males?”

“When I decided to take the course ... I did not know that most ancient Greek and Roman sculpture were of naked men.”

“Did you think they were about naked women?”

She shook her head. “I didn’t think any of the sculptures were naked.”

“Now you know. Are you disappointed?”

“No ... not really. It just takes some getting use to. Can I ask you something?”

I turned to her and looked into her eyes. Her irises were fully opened. “Sure .. you can ask me anything you want.”

“Are you like this?” She was pointing down at a picture of the Kritios Boy.

“Well ...” I looked down at the picture then looked up at Lydia and said playfully “yes and no.”

“In what way yes ...”

“I have the naughty bits ...”

“In what way no?” She looked at me puzzled.

“Well, he is a boy. Boys and men are different.”

“In what way?”

“I could use words to try to describe the difference ... or I can let out find out for your self.”

“What!”

“Let us turn off the light and I will let you find out for yourself.”

Lydia hesitated, looked down at my lap as she decided. Then she reached up and turned off her overhead light. We were now both alight in the glow of the light in the passageway.

I reached down and unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned the top of my pants. Then I slowly unzipped my pants. I whispered to Lydia, “be gentle, no pinching.”

I looked at her face as she peered down at my lap. Her right hand was cold and hesitant. Lydia was obviously very nervous. She slowly reached in under the elastic band of my briefs. When she had felt the first of me she stopped and her fingers just slowly traced a circle. This tickled me. The circle grew in radius until it encompassed the tip of me. Then with a finger she followed the one crease that went from tip to the base of my glans.

She was very careful and meticulous with her touch. Lydia was not in a hurry to experience the wholeness of me. Next she let her hand glide past the tip of me until she felt the shaft of my penis.

“You are so soft,” she whispered. “And so warm.”

I whispered back, “that is something boys and girls share ... softness and warm.”

I opened my legs further to invite her to continue her exploration and she did, advancing slowly down to my scrotum. When she held my testicles in her hand she gulped in a long amorous sigh.

Lydia leaned forward and whispered into my ear “May I see?”

I was about to say yes, but his timing was so wrong. The door to the back of the coach started to rattle and open. I knew that only the conductor would be moving up the train at this point in the voyage. Lydia pulled her hand out from my briefs and I quickly gathered myself up and zipped and buttoned and belted myself just in time.

When the conductor found us we were both quietly admiring the sketches in Lydia's sketch book. We hadn't had time to turn the overhead light back on so the conductor did it for us.

"Everything in order?" the conductor queried. We both nodded but did not say a word.

I imagine the conductor has seen his fair share of intimate moments in the train. I imagine the conductor probably suspected we were sharing such a moment, but he let us be and proceeded to the next carriage, but not before informing us he would be passing back this way in ten minutes. It was at that moment that I felt a twinge of embarrassment. I could feel my feet get cold.

I turned to look into Lydia's face. It shone in the pale light of the passageway.

What she said surprised me. "Yes, there is a *Big* difference." She emphasized the word *Big*. I smiled as she did this. "Can I?"

“Maybe after the conductor has come back through.” It made sense but she was disappointed nonetheless.

I pointed to her sketch book. “Why don’t you sketch the sculpture’s naughty bits?” She searched into her knapsack for her pencils and was avidly sketching when the conductor came through when he said he would. Lydia sketched for nearly an hour before she set down her pencil. Her new sketches were from several angles and was more prominent than those of the Kritios Boy.

When she set down her pencil I asked whether she would like to grab something from the cafeteria car. She nodded and I grabbed my briefcase and she her knapsack and things and we both walked to the rear of the train. I walked behind her noticing the sway of her hips and the fact she had very athletic legs.

The cafeteria car was three coach cars back. The two coach cars had a smattering of people. There were a handful of people in the cafeteria car. We sat and the porter immediately came to ask us for our order. “It is good you came just now. It is the last order.”

We both ordered some herbal tea. The porter poured a new bowl of peanuts for us and we chatted a bit.

“Thank you,” she said.

“You are welcome. All in the name of art.”

“And other things!” She had a big smile on her face as she said that.

Our teas arrived and we lifted and clinked our cups. “To other things,” I said.

“Can I ask you something?” Lydia had a timid look on her face.

I nodded.

She leaned over and asked quietly “I would like to sketch you.”

“I know you would, and the answer is yes.” I hesitated. “Can I ask you something too?”

“I know what you will ask ... and the answer is yes. It seems only fair.” Lydia paused and then said “there is only one thing ...”

“And what’s that?” I whispered.

“I am a virgin ... and a Catholic.”

“I am a Catholic ... but not a virgin.” I responded

“Please don’t ask me to ...” She blushed and looked down at her shoes.

I placed my hand on hers and said. “If you don’t want me to ...

“When are you expected back at your college?” I asked her.

“By my first class on Monday,” she answered.

“Will you take me to the Boston Art Gallery Sunday afternoon?”

She nodded.

“Do you want to stay with me today?” Lydia smiled and nodded, then she took my hand in hers and held tight as we both enjoyed our midnight tisane.

I looked at her and the swaying of the train echoed the bliss of the moment.



## ***The Powder Blue Dragon by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.***

A thin young man, with big, grimy hands, crossed the sun-softened asphalt of the village street, from the automobile showroom to the drugstore, his self-consciousness thinly disguised by his pretense of being on important business.

This disguise dropped away as he brushed past a tanned couple his own age, summer people talking indolently by the drugstore door. He gave the couple a sullen glance, as though their health and wealth and lazy aplomb were meant to mock him.

His name was Kiah. “Cash a check for Daggett?” he asked the druggist. “Twenty-five dollars.”

“I guess,” said the druggist. Reluctantly, he took out the money from the cash register behind the soda fountain. He was an old man, and age and long hours were beginning to twist and weary him. “This is a big weekend. Lots of summer people in town, and I’m going to wish I had that cash back.”

The village had once been a whaling port. Now, with the whaling done, it served the summer mansions that lined the beach and blocked the villagers’ view of the sea. The village was for the families who owned the mansions and who, for the most part, had owned them for generations.

“Here you are,” the druggist said. He slammed the drawer shut. “Hot, isn’t it? You been running?”

“Nope. Just crossed the street was all.”

“Seem kind of short-winded and wild-eyed, like you been running.”

“Excitement, I guess. This is kind of a big day.”

“It is? Tell me all about it.”

“You’ll hear about it.” Kiah grinned shyly. “You wait. You won’t know me.”

The druggist looked at him closely. “Not so sure I know you now, Kiah, and if your folks were still alive, I don’t think they’d know you for sure, either.”

“Oh? That so?” Kiah was pleased.

“Used to know a Kiah Higgins, just like any other boy in town—maybe a little seriouser, but not much. Used to play and laugh and have himself a big old time. Now I see a stranger who hasn’t hardly got time to smile any more. All he wants to do is work and work, and then work some more. How many jobs you got now. Kiah. besides working for Daggett?”

“Wait tables up at the Quarterdeck weekends, pump gas at Ed’s nights.”

“You don’t need that much money to get along, do you. Kiah? Just yourself to look after. How old are you—twenty-one? Why not have a little fun while you’re young?”

Kiah’s green eyes narrowed. “Guess I grew up in a hurry. Keep your eyes open around here, and you grow up pretty quick.”

“Grown up, eh? What’d you see around here that did it? Maybe I better have a look at it. too.”

“Seeing your folks working all their lives for the summer people, knowing that’s what you’re going to be doing, too. Taking all their guff, and—”

“Aaaaaaaah. don’t be a fool. Kiah.” the druggist said sourly. “Nobody’s pushed you around.”

“They look right through me, like I wasn’t even in the same world with ’em.”

“Wonderful! Go through their pockets while they’re doing it.” The druggist was annoyed. “They’re right and you’re wrong. They do belong to a different world—and the hell with it. You don’t want it, I don’t want it.”

“Maybe old men can say it and mean it,” Kiah said.

“Pfoooooey! It’s a phony world, a toy world, full of useless trinkets, like that yellow thing in Daggett’s window. What’s he want for that?”

“The Jaguar?” Kiah said, turning to look at the automobile shimmering, dreamlike, behind Daggett’s plate-glass window. “Around four and a half. It’s all right.”

“All right! If that’s all right. Mr. Rockefeller, maybe you’d like to tell me what you consider a really nice car.”

“Ever hear of a Marittima-Frascati?”

“No. And I don’t believe anybody else ever heard of one, either.”

Kiah looked at him pityingly. “Won the Avignon road race two years in a row—over Jaguars, Mercedes, and everything. Guaranteed to do a hundred and thirty on an open stretch. Most beautiful car in the world. Daggett’s got one in his New York place.” He reddened with excitement. “Nobody’s ever seen anything like it around here. Nobody.”

“Why don’t you ever talk about Fords or Chevrolets or something I’ve heard of? Marittima-Frascati!”

“No class. That’s why I don’t talk about them.”

“Class! Listen who’s talking about class all the time. He sweeps floors, polishes cars, waits tables, pumps gas, and he’s got to have class or nothing.”

“You dream your dreams, I’ll dream mine,” Kiah said.

“I’ve got my dream.” the druggist said hotly. “I dream of being young like you in a village that’s as pretty and pleasant as this one is. You can take class and—”

Daggett, a portly New Yorker who operated his branch showroom only in the summer, was selling a car to an urbane and tweedy gentleman as Kiah walked in.

“Here’s the money, Mr. Daggett,” Kiah said.

Daggett paid no attention to him. Kiah sat down on a chair to wait and daydream.

He felt his heart beating very quickly.

“It’s not for me, understand.” the customer was saying. He looked down in amazement at the low, boxy MG. “It’s for my boy. He’s been talking about one of these things.”

“A fine young-man’s car.” Daggett said. “And reasonably priced for a sports car.”

“Now he’s raving about some other car. a Mara-something.”

“Marittima-Frascati,” Kiah said.

Daggett and the customer seemed surprised to find him in the same room.

“Mmmm. yes, that’s the name,” the customer said.

“I haven’t one on the floor, but one’s in transit from New York. Should be here early next week.”

“How much?”

“Fifty-six hundred and fifty-one dollars,” Kiah said.

Daggett gave a flat, unfriendly laugh. “You’ve got a good memory, Kiah.”

“Fifty-six hundred!” the customer said. “I love my boy, but love’s got to draw the line somewhere. I’ll take this one.” He took a checkbook from his pocket.

Kiah’s long shadow fell across the receipt Daggett was making out.

“Kiah, please. You’re in the light.” Kiah didn’t move. “Kiah, what is it you want? Why don’t you sweep out the back room or something?”

“I just wanted to say,” Kiah said, breathing quickly, “that when this gentleman is through, I’d like to order the Marittima-Frascati.”

“You what?” Daggett stood angrily.

Kiah took out a checkbook.

“Beat it!” Daggett said.

The customer laughed quietly.

“Do you want my business?” Kiah said stubbornly.

“I’ll take care of your business, kid, but good. Now sit down and wait.”

Kiah, furious with the customer for relishing the incident as a comedy, sat down until he left.

Daggett walked toward Kiah slowly, his fists closed. “Now, young man. your funny business almost lost me a sale.”

“I’ll give you two minutes, Mr. Daggett, to call up the bank and find out if I’ve got the money, or I’ll get my car someplace else.”

Daggett looked at him uneasily, then at the clock. He called the bank. “George, this is Bill Daggett.” He interjected a supercilious laugh. “Look. George. Kiah Higgins wants to write me a check for fifty-six hundred dollars.... That’s what I said. I swear he does. .. . Okay, I’ll wait.” He drummed on the desktop and avoided looking at Kiah.

“Fine, George. Thanks.” He hung up.

“Well?” Kiah said.

“You mean it?” Daggett said, almost plaintively. Suddenly he shook his head. “No, Kiah—no, for heaven’s sake, no.”

“It’s my money. I earned it.” Kiah said. “I worked and saved for four years—four lousy, long years.”

“You did that for a car?”

“It’s what I want. It’s all I can think about, and now it’s going to be mine, the damndest car anybody around here ever saw.”

Daggett was exasperated. “Kiah! This thing you want—good gosh, boy, it’s a plaything for maharajas and Texas oil barons. Fifty-six hundred dollars, boy! What does that leave of your savings?”



“Enough for insurance and a few tanks of gas.” Kiah stood. “If you don’t want my business ...”

“I do. I guess,” Daggett said helplessly. “But I feel like a dope peddler. It’s nuts, plain nuts.”

“You’d understand if you’d been brought up here, Mr. Daggett, and your parents had been dead broke.”

“Boloney! Don’t tell me what it is to be broke till you’ve been broke in the city. Anyway, what’s the car going to do for you?”

“It’s going to give me one hell of a good time—and about time. I’m going to do some living, Mr. Daggett.”

“You crazy kid. Driving a car isn’t living.”

“The first of next week, Mr. Daggett?”

Daggett threw up his hands. “Yes, sir! First of next week. One Marittima-Frascati, powder-blue with lemon-yellow cushions, coming up!”

The midafternoon stillness of the village was broken by the whirl of a starter and the well-bred grumble of a splendid engine.

Kiah sat deep in the lemon-yellow leather cushions of the powder-blue Marittima-Frascati, listening to the sweet thunder that followed each gentle pressure of his toe. He was scrubbed pink, and his hair was freshly cut.

“No fast stuff, now, for a thousand miles, you hear?” Daggett said. He was in a holiday mood, resigned to the bizarre wonder Kiah had wrought. “That’s a piece of fine jewelry under the hood, and you’d better treat it right. Keep it under forty for the first thousand miles, under fifty until three thousand.” He laughed. “And don’t try to find out what she can really do until you’ve put five thousand on her.” He clapped Kiah on the shoulder. “Don’t get impatient, boy. Don’t worry—she’ll do it!”

Kiah switched on the engine again, seeming indifferent to the crowd gathered around him.

“How many of these you suppose are in the country?” Kiah asked Daggett.

“Ten. twelve.” Daggett winked. “Don’t worry. All the rest are in Dallas and Hollywood.”

Kiah nodded judiciously, without triumph. He wanted to seem no more than a man who had made a sensible, routine purchase and, satisfied with his money’s worth, was now going to take it home.

He threw his long arm across the back of the seat and turned around, ready to back out into the world. “Pardon me,” he said courteously to those in his

way. He raced his engine rather than blow his brass choir of horns. “Thank you.”

The Marittiina-Frascati grumbled out into the street, meshed its gears quietly, then floated through the village and out onto the hard, wide black ribbon that ran to the horizon, bounded by sand, sky, and sea.

Kiah was no longer an intruder in the universe. He was of it, no more separable I ban clouds and sun and salt. With the mock modesty of a god traveling incognito, he permitted a Cadillac convertible to pass him. A pretty girl with golden hair smiled down on him from her gross monument to power.

Kiah touched the throttle lightly and streaked around her. He laughed at the speck she became in his rearview mirror. The temperature gauge climbed, and Kiah slowed the Marittima-Frascati, forgiving himself this one indulgence. Just this once—it had been worth it. This was the life!

The girl and the Cadillac passed him again. She smiled, and gestured disparagingly at the expanse of hood before her.

At the mouth of a hotel’s circular driveway, she signaled with a flourish and turned in. As though coming home, the Marittima-Frascati followed, purred beneath the porte-cochere, and into the parking lot. A uniformed man waved, smiled, admired, and directed Kiah into the space next to the

Cadillac. Kiah watched the girl disappear into the cocktail lounge, each step an invitation to follow.

As he crossed the deep white gravel, a cloud crossed the sun, and in the momentary chill. Kiah's stride shortened. He suddenly felt that he'd been dropped into a strange, hostile world. He paused on the cocktail-lounge steps and looked over his shoulder at the car. There it waited for its master, low, lean, greedy for miles—Kiah Higgins' car.

Refreshed, Kiah walked into the cool lounge. The girl sat alone in a corner booth, her eyes down. She amused herself by picking a wooden swizzle stick to bits. The only other person in the room was the bartender, who read a newspaper in the frail, orange light from a ship's lantern.

“Looking for somebody, sonny?”

Sonny! Kiah felt like driving the Marittima-Frascati into the bar. He hoped the girl hadn't heard. “Give me a gin and tonic,” he said coldly, “and don't forget the lime.”

She looked up. Kiah smiled with the camaraderie of privilege, horsepower, and the open road.

She nodded back vaguely, unsmiling, seemingly puzzled, and returned her attention to the swizzle stick.

“Here you are, sonny,” said the bartender. setting the drink before him. He rattled his newspaper and resumed his reading.

Kiah drank, cleared his throat, and spoke to the girl. “Nice and clear all the way up from Harrison Beach,” he said.

She gave no sign that he’d said anything. Kiah turned to the bartender, as though it were to him he’d been speaking. “I said, it’s clear all the way up from Harrison Beach.”

“Yup. Heard you,” the bartender said.

“Makes a man feel like really letting his car out.” The bartender turned a page without comment. “But I’m just breaking her in, and I’ve got to keep her under forty.”

“Sure you do.”

“Big temptation, knowing she’s guaranteed to do a hundred and thirty.”

The bartender put down his paper irritably. “What’s guaranteed?”

“My new car, my Marittima-Frascati.”

The girl looked up, interested.

“Your what?” the bartender said.

“My Marittima-Frascati. It’s an Italian car.”

“It sure don’t sound like an American one. Who you driving it for?”

“Who’m I driving it for?”

“Yeah. Who owns it?”

“Who you think owns it? / own it.”

The bartender picked up his paper again. “Hp owns it. He owns it, and it goes a hundred and thirty. Lucky boy.”

Kiah replied by turning his back. “Hello,” he said to the girl, with more assurance than he thought possible. “How’s the Cad treating you?”

She laughed. “My car, my fiance, or my father?”

“Your car,” Kiah said, feeling stupid for not having a snappier retort.

“Cads always treat me nicely. I remember you now. You were in that darling little blue thing with yellow seats. I somehow didn’t connect you with the car. You look different. What did you call it?”

“A Marittima-Frascati.”

“Mmmmmm. I could never learn to say that.”

“It’s a very famous car in Europe,” Kiah said. Everything was going swimmingly- “Won the Avignon road race two years running, you know.”

She smiled bewitchingly. “No! I didn’t know that.”

“Guaranteed to go a hundred and thirty.”

“Goodness. I didn’t think a car could go that fast.”

“Only about twelve in the country, if that.”

“Certainly isn’t many, is it? Do you mind my asking how much one of those wonderful cars costs?”

Kiah leaned back against the bar. “No, I don’t mind. Seems to me it was somewhere between five and six.”

“Oh, between those, is it? Quite something to be between.”

“Oh, I think it’s well worth it. I certainly don’t feel I’ve thrown any money down a sewer.”

“That’s the important thing.”

Kiah nodded happily, and stared into the wonderful eyes, whose admiration seemed bottomless. He opened his mouth to say more, to keep the delightful game going forever and ever, when he realized he had no more to say. “It’s clear all the way up from Harrison Beach,” he said.

“Yes, I know.” A glaze of boredom formed on her eyes. “Have you got the time?” she asked the bartender.

“Yes, ma’am. Seven after four.”

“What time?” Kiah said, talking for the sake of sound.

“Four, sonny.”

A ride, Kiah thought, maybe she’d like to go for a ride.

The door swung open, and a handsome young man in tennis shorts blinked and grinned around the room, poised, vain, and buoyant. “Marion!” he cried. “Thank heaven you’re still here. What an angel for waiting!”

Her face was stunning with adoration. “You’re not very late, Paul, and I forgive you.”



“Like a fool, I let myself get into a game of doubles, and it just went on and on. I finally threw the game. I was afraid I’d lose you forever. What’ve you been up to while you’ve been waiting?”

“Let me see. Well, I tore up a swizzle stick, and I, uh— Ohhhhhh! I met an extremely interesting gentleman who has a car that will go a hundred and thirty miles an hour.”

“Well, you’ve been slickered, dear, because the man was lying about his car.”

“Those are pretty strong words,” Marion said.

Paul looked pleased. “They are?”

“Considering that the man you called a liar is right here in the same room.”

“Oh, my.” Paul looked around the room with a playful expression of fear. His eyes passed quickly over Kiah and the bartender. “There are only four of us here.”

She pointed to Kiah. “That boy there. Would you mind telling Paul about your Vanilla Frappe?”

“Marittima-Frascati,” Kiah said, his voice barely audible. He repeated it, louder. “Marittima-Frascati.”

“Well,” Paul said, “I must say it sounds like it’d go two hundred a second. Have you got it here?”

“Outside,” Kiah said.

“That’s what I meant,” Paul said. “I must learn to express myself better.” He looked out over the parking lot. “Oho, I see. The little blue jobbie. Ver-ry nice. Gorgeous. And that’s yours?”

“I said it was.”

“A cream puff,” Paul said reflectively. “Might be the second fastest car in these parts. Probably is.”

“Is that a fact?” Kiah said sarcastically. “I’d like to see the first.”

“Would you? It’s right outside, too. There, the black one.”

The car was a British Hampton, long and squat, seeming to wallow like a black pig. Kiah knew the car well. It was the car he’d begun saving for before Daggett had shown him the pictures of the Marittima-Frascati.

“It’ll do.” Kiah said.

“Do, will it?” Paul laughed. “It’ll do yours in, and I’ll bet anything you like.”

“Listen,” Kiah said bitterly, “I’d bet the world on my car, if she was broken in.”

Paul raised his eyebrows. “Oh? Not broken in, eh? I understand. Let’s go, Marion.”

Frustrated, humiliated, Kiah leaned against the screen door and watched Paul and Marion’s cheerful progress across the parking lot to the black car.

“Play in your own league, kid,” the bartender said. “That one’s no good, anyway. It just looks good from a distance.”

“That was mean,” Marion said clearly, climbing into the Hampton. “Somebody’s chauffeur out having a big time showing off his boss’s car, and you go and spoil it for him.”

The elegant wheels of the powder-blue car with the lemon-yellow leather cushions sprayed gravel at the parking-lot attendant’s legs. The doorman beneath the porte-cochere signaled for the car to slow down, and then jumped for his life.

Kiah’s mind was washed clean of hate and mortification by the hot, dry wind on his face. He sank back in the cushions, his hands holding the wheel

loosely—as though he had only to ride, as though the car would take care of everything.

“Go, baby,” Kiah said softly. “Go, hon.”

The big engine’s voice climbed slowly, steadily, like a deep-throated siren.

“There’s the Hampton, baby. Go get it, hon. Go, baby, go,” Kiah singsonged. The Marittima-Frascati swept past the many-colored streaks of a stream of cars, and the air spilling over the low windshield became a muffled drumming.

“Easy, baby, easy,” Kiah said, pulling alongside the Hampton. He grinned at Marion and Paul. They seemed to stand still, looking at him blankly, as the rest of the world spun by.

Kiah touched the throttle, and cut in ahead of them, forcing Paul to jam on his brakes.

“Easy, baby, easy.” Kiah turned his head for an instant, and thumbed his nose.

“Now, baby, now.” The motor’s voice climbed again, and the world began to smear. Ahead lay a black, straight way, stretching to infinity.

The Hampton stayed with him.

“Go, baby, go. Loosen up, sweetheart. That’s my girl. Go, hon, go.” The wheel jittered in his hands. “Steady, baby, steady.”

The Hampton still crouched in his mirror. Kiah could see Paul’s even white teeth and Marion’s thin red lips.

“Here it comes, hon,” Kiah said calmly. He pressed the throttle to the floor.

The engine whined in response. The car shivered, and the engine’s voice rose to a scream. The Hampton dropped away from him, and with it the whole world.

There was only Kiah and the din and the drumming wind.

No guts! No guts! No guts!” Kiah laughed crazily. “Guaranteed, baby, guaranteed.”

He was coasting now. The oil gauge stood at zero. The temperature gauge was off the dial against the pin beyond the red danger zone; “That’s my girl. Good girl, baby, good girl.”

The world was coming together again —hedges, gates, houses, lawns—to make a village.

The Marittima-Frascati stopped before Daggett's automobile showroom. Kiah sat motionless, numb, as the tortured parts cooled.

Daggett appeared in the show window, waved, and smiled. A moment later he was leaning on the car door. "Show them a thing or two, did you, Kiah?" He laughed.

"Yep."

"You don't seem very cheerful about it."

"Burned out," Kiah said simply. "Had a race."

"No!"

"Yep. She won. I'm satisfied."

"You're kidding, aren't you, Kiah? Eh?" Daggett chuckled awkwardly.

Kiah turned on the ignition, and pressed the starter. Nothing happened. "That's how much I'm kidding."

"Kiah. Kiah. Kiah, boy." Daggett was heartbroken. "Kiah, the whole thing is the motor," he said desolately. "What's left isn't worth a thousand."

"I'll take a thousand," Kiah said.

Daggett ran his hands through his hair. “You fool,” he murmured. “Idiot! Now you’ve got no money and you’ve got no car. You poor, crazy kid. What’ve you got to say for yourself now?”

Unexpectedly, Kiah started to cry. Ashamed and confused, he turned his face away until he got himself under control again.

“I’m glad it’s dead,” he said brokenly. “I’m glad I killed it.”

The End

## ***ABC - The Human Element in Mathematics by Stephen Leacock***

The student of arithmetic who has mastered the first four rules of his art and successfully striven with money sums and fractions finds himself confronted by an unbroken expanse of questions known as problems. These are short stories of adventure and industry with the end omitted, and though betraying a strong family resemblance, are not without a certain element of romance.

The characters in the plot of a problem are three people called A, B, and C; the form of the question is generally of this sort:

"A, B, and C do a certain piece of work. A can do as much work in one hour as B in two, or C in four. Find how long they work at it."

Or thus: "A, B, and C are employed to dig a ditch. A can dig as much in one hour as B can dig in two, and B can dig twice as fast as C. Find how long, etc., etc."

Or after this wise: "A lays a wager that he can walk faster than B or C. A can walk half as fast again as B, and C is only an indifferent walker. Find how far, and so forth."

The occupations of A, B, and C are many and varied. In the older arithmetic they contented themselves with doing a "certain piece of work." This statement of the case, however, was found too sly and mysterious, or possibly lacking in romantic charm. It became the fashion to define the job



more clearly and to set them at walking matches, ditch-digging, regattas, and piling cordwood. At times, they became commercial and entered into partnership, having, with their old mystery, a "certain" capital.

Above all they revel in motion. When they tire of walking matches, A rides on horseback, or borrows a bicycle and competes with his weaker-minded associates on foot.

Now they race on locomotives; now they row; or again they become historical and engage stagecoaches; or at times they are aquatic and swim. If their occupation is actual work, they prefer to pump water into cisterns, two of which leak though holes in the bottom and one of which is watertight. A, of course, has the good one; he also takes the bicycle, and the best locomotive, and the right of swimming with the current. Whatever they do they put money on it, being all three sports. A always wins.

In the early chapters of the arithmetic, their identity is concealed under the names of John, William, and Henry, and they wrangle over the division of marbles. In algebra they are often called X, Y, Z. But these are only their Christian names, and they are really the same people.

Now to one who has followed the history of these men through countless pages of problems, watched them in their leisure hours dallying with cordwood, and seen their painting sides heave in the full frenzy of filling a cistern with a leak in it, they become something more than mere symbols.

They appear as creatures of flesh and blood living men with their own passions, ambitions, and aspirations like the rest of us.

A is full-blooded, hotheaded and strong-willed. It is he who proposes everything, challenges B to work, makes the bets, and bends the others to his will. He is a man of great physical strength and phenomenal endurance. He has been known to walk forty-eight hours at a stretch, and to pump ninety-six. His life is arduous and full of peril. A mistake in the working of a sum may keep him digging a fortnight without sleep. A repeating decimal in the answer might kill him.

B is a quiet, easy-going fellow, afraid of A and bullied by him, but very gentle and brotherly to little C, the weakling. He is quite in A's power, having lost all his money in bets.

Poor C is an undersized, frail man, with a plaintive face. Constant walking, digging, and pumping has broken his health and ruined his nervous system. His joyless life has driven him to drink and smoke more than is good for him, and his hand often shakes as he digs ditches. He has not the strength to work as the others do, in fact, as Hamlin Smith has said, "A can do more work in one hour than C in four."

The first time that ever I saw these men was one evening after a regatta. They had all been rowing in it, and it had transpired that A could row as much in one hour as B in two, or C in four. B and C had come in dead tired and C was coughing badly. "Never mind' old fellow," I heard B say, "I'll fix

you up on the sofa and get you some hot tea." Just then A came blustering in and shouted, " I say, you fellows, Hamlin Smith has shown me three cisterns in his garden and he says we can pump them until tomorrow night. I bet I can beat you both. Come on. You can pump in your rowing things, you know. Your cistern leaks a little, I think, C." I heard B growl that it was a dirty shame and that C was used up now, but they went and presently I could tell from the sound of the water that A was pumping four times as fast as C.

For years after that I used to see them constantly about the town and always busy. I never heard of any of them eating or sleeping. After that, owing to a long absence from home, I lost sight of them. On my return I was surprised to find A, B, and C no longer at their old tasks; on inquiry I heard that work in this line was now done by N, M, and O, and that some people were employing for algebraic jobs four foreigners called Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta.

Now it chanced one day that I stumbled upon old D, in the little garden in front of his cottage, hoeing in the sun. D is an aged laboring man who used occasionally to be called in to help A, B, and C. "Did I know 'em, sir? " he answered. "Why I knowed 'em ever since they was little fellows in brackets. Master A, he were a fine-hearted lad, sir, though I always said, give me Master B for kind-heartedness-like. Many's the job as we've been on together, sir, though I never did no racing nor aught of that, but just the plain labor, as you might say. I'm getting a bit too old and stiff for it nowadays, sir - just scratch about in the garden here and grow a bit of a logarithm, or raise

a common denominator or two. But Mr. Euclid he uses me still for propositions, he do."

From the garrulous old man I learned the melancholy end of my former acquaintances. Soon after I left town, he told me, C had been ill. It seems that A and B had been rowing on the river for a wager, and C had been running on the bank and then sat in a draught. Of course the bank had refused the draught and C was taken ill. A and B came home and found C lying helpless in bed. A shook him roughly and said, "Get up, C, we're going to pile wood." C looked so worn and pitiful that B said, "Look here, A, I won't stand this, he isn't fit to pile wood tonight." C smiled feebly and said, "Perhaps I might pile a little if I sat up in bed." Then B, thoroughly alarmed, said, "See here, A, I'm going to fetch a doctor; he's dying."

A flared up and answered, "You've got no money to fetch a doctor. I'll reduce him to his lowest terms," B said firmly, "that'll fetch him." C's life might even then have been saved but they made a mistake about the medicine. It stood at the head of the bed on a bracket, and the nurse accidentally removed it from the bracket without changing the sign. After the fatal blunder C seems to have sunk rapidly. On the evening of the next day, it was clear, as the shadows deepened, that the end was near. I think that even A was affected at the last as he stood with bowed head, aimlessly offering to bet with the doctor on C's labored breathing. "A," whispered C, "I think I'm going fast."

"How fast do you think you'll go, old man? " murmured A. " I don't know," said C, " but I'm going at any rate." The end came soon after that. C rallied for a moment and asked for a certain piece of work that he had left downstairs. A put it in his arms and he expired. As his soul sped heavenward, A watched its flight with melancholy admiration. B burst into a passionate flood of tears and sobbed, "put away his little cistern and the rowing clothes he used to wear, I feel as if I could hardly ever dig again."

The funeral was plain and unostentatious. It differed in nothing from the ordinary, except that out of deference to sporting men, and mathematicians, A engaged two hearses. Both vehicles started at the same time, B driving the one which bore the sable parallelopiped containing the last remains of his ill-fated friend. A on the box of the empty hearse generously consented to a handicap of a hundred years, but arrived first at the cemetery by driving four times as fast as B. (Find the distance to the cemetery.) As the casket was lowered, the grave was surrounded by the broken figures of the first book of Euclid.

It was noticed that after the death of C, A became a changed man. He lost interest in racing with B, and dug but languidly. He finally gave up his work and settled down to live on the interest of his bets. He never recovered from the shock of C's death; his grief preyed upon his intellect and it became deranged. He grew moody and spoke only in monosyllables. His disease became rapidly aggravated, and he presently spoke in words whose spelling was regular and which presented no difficulty to the beginner. Realizing his precarious condition he voluntarily submitted to be incarcerated in an

asylum, where he abjured mathematics and devoted himself to writing the History of the Swiss Family Robinson in words of one syllable.

Stephen Leacock,

Canadian Humorist 1869 – 1944

## Poetry

***As I Sit Among the Trees by Don Murray***

As I sit among the trees,  
I watch the wind move  
along the leaves,  
as the sun ends the day.

I pray that I would never flee  
like the wind upon the leaves.

I hear the wind upon the leaves  
I await the sun so I can  
see the wind upon the leaves.

Unlike the wind, I could never leave,  
for I love the wind upon the trees.



***I Wish I Could ... by William Webster***

It is the city that never sleeps  
The *Big Apple* – but I wish it would.  
It is so noisy, it keeps  
me awake at night, I wish I could ...  
sleep. If you live here you need  
all the rest you can get, believe  
me. Living here is a test of character, a keen  
measure of whether or not you can thrive  
amidst the hustle, and the bustle ...  
of the killer taxis cabs, and the pot holes  
that devour them, the uncaring throngs  
that act like mindless zombies, bumping  
into each other on the sidewalks –  
it is the day of the sleepless dead!

### ***Things Take Time by Tatum Barrie***

Things take time,  
But why can't we live fast and free,  
Time can wait for me,  
On the right side of faith,  
I've got a dream still left to see,  
In this reality.

### ***Unreciprocated Love by Tatum Barrie***

Let me save you from yourself,  
For a lil' while,  
If I catch you obsessin',  
See you stressing',  
Take my only blessing',  
I created to give ya,  
My real & true loving',  
If the feeling' get too strong or overwhelming',  
Let's get back to relaxing',  
Kick it with me share my passion,  
This essence can't be distant,  
Unreciprocated love could lead to devastation.

## ***Four Poems by Clara P from Germany***

### **Me**

People always tell you that things don't define you.  
The clothes you wear don't define you, they say.  
The grades you get don't define you, they say.  
What people think about you doesn't define you, they say.  
But don't you want to be defined by something?  
I don't want to be an undefined something anymore.  
I want to be someone, stand for something.  
But I don't know how to.  
It seems impossible, yet it looks like everyone knows exactly what to do.  
It is like a secret club, nobody invited me to, called "how to be"  
But doesn't this lack of definition also give me all the freedom in the world?  
I can be whatever and whoever I desire to be.  
I am the person to define me, transition me from a human to a person.  
And yet I don't know how to handle this power.

## **I Wish I Would Fit into a Laundry Machine.**

Afterwards, I put my dirty t-shirt into the laundry machine.  
I lay it in there, fill it up with some soap,  
I see the colorful liquid pour into it,  
so beautiful, I am almost tempted to try a bit of its forbidden taste.  
And then I close the door.  
I can see my shirt a last time, the way it is now.  
When I will open that door again, it will be like today never happened.  
A calming thought.  
Because the laundry machine will have worked its wonders.  
All the stains will be removed.  
Nobody will be able to tell what substance touched it.  
Nobody will see all the colors that were never supposed to be on there.  
Its now rough fabric will be soft again, desirable to touch.  
The strong sent of sweat, caused by paralyzing fear, will never be smelled again.  
Only the pastel flowers, seen on the bottle of soap.  
With this wash, my shirt will lose its memory.  
Everything it went through, erased.  
A blank start.

I wish I would fit into a laundry machine.

## **But I Don't Fear Death**

People say,  
you can do it sometime else,  
you have time,  
you have so much more time to live.

But do you?

Life is the shortest thing possible,  
compare your 70, 80, maybe 90 years on planet earth,  
with the infinity that existence will exist.

We are nothing,  
and so is time.

So why worry?

You want to live?

Go the farthest away from life you can possible be.

You will meet life at the border to death.

You don't know what living means,  
until you are happy about every time your heart contracts,  
until you can feel every atom of oxygen filling your lungs.

Once you know how that feels like,  
your life will be different.

Because now you are actually living,  
not only having a life.

What is the worst that can happen?

You can die.

But why pay such a high price for knowing that you will have a couple more years here,

because some day, somehow, we will all die.

I will die, you will die, every living thing dies.

Death is what defines life.

Life is restricted, that is what makes it so valuable.

Every good thing has to come to an end,

and so does life.

But I don't fear death,

death isn't this scary thing we need to avoid with all our power.

Death is the most beautiful thing about living.

It should be what motivates you,

to actually experience life as long as you have it.

Once death comes to me,

I won't be in panic,

I won't try to convince him otherwise.

I will embrace him,

and be in peace with him, with me, with the universe.

I already can say that I lived,

and that is the only reason we are here.

Our time as living creatures is not about, who can stay on earth longer,

it is about how many experiences you can fit into your limited time here.

Once you accept that,  
you will live the best life you will ever have.  
No fears, no regrets.  
Just life.

## **It was Like Hearing Morpheus's Voice**

It was like  
waking up in the morning,  
hearing your alarm clock scream,  
while still having the taste  
of this dream  
linger around in your mind.  
A dream worth its name.

It was like  
just laying in your bed  
feeling as empty as sad  
because the knowledge  
that a dream is only that  
weighs heavier than stone  
and its presses you down  
into a place you've never been

It was like  
hearing Morpheus's voice  
creep up in your head  
explaining to you in every detail  
what you will never have  
because his reality is superior  
and all you have of it



is a foggy memory of a face  
and the vague feeling of a touch  
by fingers

that never existed.

That was how leaving you felt like.

## ***An Anthology of Poems by John McCrae***

### **Anarchy**

I saw a city filled with lust and shame  
Where men, like wolves, slunk through the grim half-light;  
And sudden, in the midst of it, there came  
One who spoke boldly for the cause of Right.

And speaking, fell before that brutish race  
Like some poor wren that shrieking eagles tear,  
While brute Dishonour, with her bloodless face  
Stood by and smote his lips that moved in prayer.

"Speak not of God! In centuries that word  
Hath not been uttered! Our own king are we."  
And God stretched forth his finger as He heard  
And o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea.

### **Quebec**

1608 - 1908

Of old, like Helen, guerdon of the strong –  
Like Helen fair, like Helen light of word, –  
“The spoils unto the conqueror belong.

Who winneth me must win me by the sword.”

Grown old, like Helen, once the jealous prize  
That strong men battled for in savage hate,  
Can she look forth with unregretful eyes,  
Where sleep Montcalm and Wolfe beside her gates?

### **The Unconquered Dead**

“ ... defeated, with great loss.”

Not we the conquered! Not to us the blame  
Of them that flee, of them that basely yield;  
Not ours the shout of victory, the fame  
Of them the vanquished in a stricken field.

The day of battle in the dusty heat  
We lay and heard the bullets swish and sing  
Like scythes amid the over-ripened wheat,  
And we the harvest of their garnering.

Some yielded. No, not we! Not we, we swear  
By these our wounds; this trench upon the hill  
Where all the shell-strewn earth is seamed and bare,  
Was ours to keep; and lo! We have it still.

We might have yielded, even we, but death  
Came for our helper; like a sudden flood  
The crashing darkness fell; our painful breath  
We drew with gasps amid the choking blood.

The roar fell faint and farther off, and soon  
Sank to a foolish humming in our ears,  
Like crickets in the long, hot afternoon  
Among the wheat fields of the olden years.

Before our eyes a boundless wall of red  
Shot through by sudden streaks of jagged pain!  
Then a slow-gathering darkness overhead  
And rest came on us like a quiet rain.

Not we the conquered! Not to use the same,  
Who hold our earthen ramparts, nor shall cease  
To hold them ever; victors we, who came  
In the fierce moment to our honoured peace.

### **The Hope of My Heart**

*Delicta juventutis et ignorantius ejus, quo esumus ne memineris, Domine.\**

I left, to earth, a little maiden fair,  
With locks of gold, and eyes that shamed the light;  
I prayed that God might have her in His care  
And sight.

Earth's love was false; her voice, a siren's song;  
(Sweet mother-earth was but a lying name)  
The path she showed was but the path of wrong  
And shame.

"Cast her not out!" I cry. God's kind words come –  
"Her future is with Me, as was her past;  
It shall be My good will to bring her home  
At last."

*\* Lift the ignorance of what we keepers remembered, Lord*

### **The Anxious Dead**

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear  
Above their heads the legions pressing on:  
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,  
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see

The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;  
Then let your mighty chorus witness be  
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,  
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,  
That we will onward till we win or fall,  
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,  
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep;  
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,  
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

### **A Song of Comfort**

"Sleep, weary ones, while ye may –  
Sleep, oh, sleep!"  
Eugene Field.

Thro' May time blossoms, with whisper low,  
The soft wind sang to the dead below:  
"Think not with regret on the Springtime's song  
And the task ye left while your hands were strong.  
The song would have ceased when the Spring was past,

And the task that was joyous be weary at last."

To the winter sky when the nights were long  
The tree-tops tossed with a ceaseless song:  
"Do ye think with regret on the sunny days  
And the path ye left, with its untrod ways?  
The sun might sink in a storm cloud's frown  
And the path grow rough when the night came down."

In the grey twilight of the autumn eves,  
It sighed as it sang through the dying leaves:  
"Ye think with regret that the world was bright,  
That your path was short and your task was light;  
The path, though short, was perhaps the best  
And the toil was sweet, that it led to rest."

### **The Pilgrims**

An uphill path, sun-gleams between the showers,  
Where every beam that broke the leaden sky  
Lit other hills with fairer ways than ours;  
Some clustered graves where half our memories lie;  
And one grim Shadow creeping ever nigh:  
And this was Life.

Wherein we did another's burden seek,  
The tired feet we helped upon the road,  
The hand we gave the weary and the weak,  
The miles we lightened one another's load,  
When, faint to falling, onward yet we strode:  
This too was Life.

Till, at the upland, as we turned to go  
Amid fair meadows, dusky in the night,  
The mists fell back upon the road below;  
Broke on our tired eyes the western light;  
The very graves were for a moment bright:  
And this was Death.

### **Disarmament**

One spake amid the nations, "Let us cease  
From darkening with strife the fair World's light,  
We who are great in war be great in peace.  
No longer let us plead the cause by might."

But from a million British graves took birth  
A silent voice -- the million spake as one --  
"If ye have righted all the wrongs of earth  
Lay by the sword! Its work and ours is done."



## **Equality**

I saw a King, who spent his life to weave  
Into a nation all his great heart thought,  
Unsatisfied until he should achieve  
The grand ideal that his manhood sought;  
Yet as he saw the end within his reach,  
Death took the sceptre from his failing hand,  
And all men said, "He gave his life to teach  
The task of honour to a sordid land!"  
Within his gates I saw, through all those years,  
One at his humble toil with cheery face,  
Whom (being dead) the children, half in tears,  
Remembered oft, and missed him from his place.  
If he be greater than his people blessed  
Than he the children loved, God knoweth best.

## **Eventide**

The day is past and the toilers cease;  
The land grows dim 'mid the shadows grey,  
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings peace  
At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,  
As he homeward turns, with the long day done,  
Looks out to the west, with the light on his face  
Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not (with their sin-dimmed eyes)  
The promise of rest in the fading light;  
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies  
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky  
Where the elms their welcoming arms stretch wide  
To the calling rooks, as they homeward fly  
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,  
Of the rest He sends to the hearts He tried,  
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life –  
God's eventide.

### **In Due Season**

If night should come and find me at my toil,

When all Life's day I had, tho' faintly, wrought,  
And shallow furrows, cleft in stony soil  
Were all my labour: Shall I count it naught

If only one poor gleaner, weak of hand,  
Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I have sown?  
"Nay, for of thee the Master doth demand  
Thy work: the harvest rests with Him alone."

### **Isandlwana**

Scarlet coats, and crash o' the band,  
The grey of a pauper's gown,  
A soldier's grave in Zululand,  
And a woman in Brecon Town.

My little lad for a soldier boy,  
(Mothers o' Brecon Town!)

My eyes for tears and his for joy  
When he went from Brecon Town,  
His for the flags and the gallant sights  
His for the medals and his for the fights,  
And mine for the dreary, rainy nights  
At home in Brecon Town.

They say he's laid beneath a tree,  
(Come back to Brecon Town!)  
Shouldn't I know? -- I was there to see:  
(It's far to Brecon Town!)  
It's me that keeps it trim and drest  
With a briar there and a rose by his breast –  
The English flowers he likes the best  
That I bring from Brecon Town.

And I sit beside him -- him and me,  
(We're back to Brecon Town.)  
To talk of the things that used to be  
(Grey ghosts of Brecon Town);  
I know the look o' the land and sky,  
And the bird that builds in the tree near by,  
And times I hear the jackals cry,  
And me in Brecon Town.

Golden grey on miles of sand  
The dawn comes creeping down;  
It's day in far off Zululand  
And night in Brecon Town.

## **Mine Host**

There stands a hostel by a travelled way;  
Life is the road and Death the worthy host;  
Each guest he greets, nor ever lacks to say,  
"How have ye fared?" They answer him, the most,  
"This lodging place is other than we sought;  
We had intended farther, but the gloom  
Came on apace, and found us ere we thought:  
Yet will we lodge. Thou hast abundant room."

Within sit haggard men that speak no word,  
No fire gleams their cheerful welcome shed;  
No voice of fellowship or strife is heard  
But silence of a multitude of dead.  
"Naught can I offer ye," quoth Death, "but rest!"  
And to his chamber leads each tired guest.

## **Penance**

My lover died a century ago,  
Her dear heart stricken by my sland'rous breath,  
Wherefore the Gods forbade that I should know  
The peace of death.

Men pass my grave, and say, "'Twere well to sleep,  
Like such an one, amid the uncaring dead!"  
How should they know the vigils that I keep,  
The tears I shed?

Upon the grave, I count with lifeless breath,  
Each night, each year, the flowers that bloom and die,  
Deeming the leaves, that fall to dreamless death,  
More blest than I.

'Twas just last year -- I heard two lovers pass  
So near, I caught the tender words he said:  
To-night the rain-drenched breezes sway the grass  
Above his head.

That night full envious of his life was I,  
That youth and love should stand at his behest;  
To-night, I envy him, that he should lie  
At utter rest.

### **Recompense**

I saw two sowers in Life's field at morn,

To whom came one in angel guise and said,  
"Is it for labour that a man is born?  
Lo: I am Ease. Come ye and eat my bread!"  
Then gladly one forsook his task undone  
And with the Tempter went his slothful way,  
The other toiled until the setting sun  
With stealing shadows blurred the dusty day.

Ere harvest time, upon earth's peaceful breast  
Each laid him down among the unreaping dead.  
"Labour hath other recompense than rest,  
Else were the toiler like the fool," I said;  
"God meteth him not less, but rather more  
Because he sowed and others reaped his store."

### **Slumber Songs**

#### **I**

Sleep, little eyes  
That brim with childish tears amid thy play,  
Be comforted! No grief of night can weigh  
Against the joys that throng thy coming day.

Sleep, little heart!  
There is no place in Slumberland for tears:  
Life soon enough will bring its chilling fears  
And sorrows that will dim the after years.  
Sleep, little heart!

## II

Ah, little eyes  
Dead blossoms of a springtime long ago,  
That life's storm crushed and left to lie below  
The benediction of the falling snow!

Sleep, little heart  
That ceased so long ago its frantic beat!  
The years that come and go with silent feet  
Have naught to tell save this -- that rest is sweet.  
Dear little heart.

## Captain

Here all the day she swings from tide to tide,  
Here all night long she tugs a rusted chain,  
A masterless hulk that was a ship of pride,



Yet unashamed: her memories remain.

It was Nelson in the `Captain', Cape St. Vincent far alee,  
With the `Vanguard' leading s'uth'ard in the haze –  
Little Jervis and the Spaniards and the fight that was to be,  
Twenty-seven Spanish battleships, great bullies of the sea,  
And the `Captain' there to find her day of days.

Right into them the `Vanguard' leads, but with a sudden tack  
The Spaniards double swiftly on their trail;  
Now Jervis overshoots his mark, like some too eager pack,  
He will not overtake them, haste he e'er so greatly back,  
But Nelson and the `Captain' will not fail.

Like a tigress on her quarry leaps the `Captain' from her place,  
To lie across the fleeing squadron's way:  
Heavy odds and heavy onslaught, gun to gun and face to face,  
Win the ship a name of glory, win the men a death of grace,  
For a little hold the Spanish fleet in play.

Ended now the "Captain"'s battle, stricken sore she falls aside  
Holding still her foemen, beaten to the knee:  
As the `Vanguard' drifted past her, "Well done, `Captain'," Jervis cried,  
Rang the cheers of men that conquered, ran the blood of men that died,  
And the ship had won her immortality.

Lo! here her progeny of steel and steam,  
A funnelled monster at her mooring swings:  
Still, in our hearts, we see her pennant stream,  
And "Well done, `Captain'," like a trumpet rings.

### **The Dead Master**

Amid earth's vagrant noises, he caught the note sublime:  
To-day around him surges from the silences of Time  
A flood of nobler music, like a river deep and broad,  
Fit song for heroes gathered in the banquet-hall of God.

### **The Dying of Pere Pierre**

"...with two other priests; the same night he died,  
and was buried by the shores of the lake that bears his name."

Chronicle.

"Nay, grieve not that ye can no honour give  
To these poor bones that presently must be  
But carrion; since I have sought to live  
Upon God's earth, as He hath guided me,

I shall not lack! Where would ye have me lie?  
High heaven is higher than cathedral nave:  
Do men paint chancels fairer than the sky?"  
Beside the darkened lake they made his grave,  
Below the altar of the hills; and night  
Swung incense clouds of mist in creeping lines  
That twisted through the tree-trunks, where the light  
Groped through the arches of the silent pines:  
And he, beside the lonely path he trod,  
Lay, tombed in splendour, in the House of God.

### **The Harvest of the Sea**

The earth grows white with harvest; all day long  
The sickles gleam, until the darkness weaves  
Her web of silence o'er the thankful song  
Of reapers bringing home the golden sheaves.

The wave tops whiten on the sea fields drear,  
And men go forth at haggard dawn to reap;  
But ever 'mid the gleaners' song we hear  
The half-hushed sobbing of the hearts that weep.

## **The Night Cometh**

Cometh the night. The wind falls low,  
The trees swing slowly to and fro:  
Around the church the headstones grey  
Cluster, like children strayed away  
But found again, and folded so.

No chiding look doth she bestow:  
If she is glad, they cannot know;  
If ill or well they spend their day,  
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go;  
They do not see the shadows grow;  
"There yet is time," they lightly say,  
"Before our work aside we lay";  
Their task is but half-done, and lo!  
Cometh the night.

## **The Oldest Drama**

"It fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers.  
And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad,

Carry him to his mother. And . . . he sat on her knees till noon,  
and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed. . . .  
And shut the door upon him and went out."

Immortal story that no mother's heart  
Ev'n yet can read, nor feel the biting pain  
That rent her soul! Immortal not by art  
Which makes a long past sorrow sting again

Like grief of yesterday: but since it said  
In simplest word the truth which all may see,  
Where any mother sobs above her dead  
And plays anew the silent tragedy.

### **The Shadow of the Cross**

At the drowsy dusk when the shadows creep  
From the golden west, where the sunbeams sleep,

An angel mused: "Is there good or ill  
In the mad world's heart, since on Calvary's hill

'Round the cross a mid-day twilight fell

That darkened earth and o'ershadowed hell?"

Through the streets of a city the angel sped;  
Like an open scroll men's hearts he read.

In a monarch's ear his courtiers lied  
And humble faces hid hearts of pride.

Men's hate waxed hot, and their hearts grew cold,  
As they haggled and fought for the lust of gold.

Despairing, he cried, "After all these years  
Is there naught but hatred and strife and tears?"

He found two waifs in an attic bare;  
-- A single crust was their meagre fare --

One strove to quiet the other's cries,  
And the love-light dawned in her famished eyes

As she kissed the child with a motherly air:  
"I don't need mine, you can have my share."

Then the angel knew that the earthly cross  
And the sorrow and shame were not wholly loss.

At dawn, when hushed was earth's busy hum  
And men looked not for their Christ to come,

From the attic poor to the palace grand,  
The King and the beggar went hand in hand.

### **The Song of the Derelict**

Ye have sung me your songs, ye have chanted your rimes

(I scorn your beguiling, O sea!)

Ye fondle me now, but to strike me betimes.

(A treacherous lover, the sea!)

Once I saw as I lay, half-awash in the night

A hull in the gloom -- a quick hail -- and a light

And I lurched o'er to leeward and saved her for spite

From the doom that ye meted to me.

I was sister to `Terrible', seventy-four,

(Yo ho! for the swing of the sea!)

And ye sank her in fathoms a thousand or more

(Alas! for the might of the sea!)

Ye taunt me and sing me her fate for a sign!

What harm can ye wreak more on me or on mine?

Ho braggart! I care not for boasting of thine –

A fig for the wrath of the sea!

Some night to the lee of the land I shall steal,

(Heigh-ho to be home from the sea!)

No pilot but Death at the rudderless wheel,

(None knoweth the harbor as he!)

To lie where the slow tide creeps hither and fro

And the shifting sand laps me around, for I know

That my gallant old crew are in Port long ago –

For ever at peace with the sea!

### **The Warrior**

He wrought in poverty, the dull grey days,

But with the night his little lamp-lit room

Was bright with battle flame, or through a haze

Of smoke that stung his eyes he heard the boom

Of Bluecher's guns; he shared Almeida's scars,

And from the close-packed deck, about to die,

Looked up and saw the "Birkenhead"'s tall spars

Weave wavering lines across the Southern sky:

Or in the stifling 'tween decks, row on row,



At Aboukir, saw how the dead men lay;  
Charged with the fiercest in Busaco's strife,  
Brave dreams are his -- the flick'ring lamp burns low --  
Yet couraged for the battles of the day  
He goes to stand full face to face with life.

### **Then and Now**

Beneath her window in the fragrant night  
I half forget how truant years have flown  
Since I looked up to see her chamber-light,  
Or catch, perchance, her slender shadow thrown  
Upon the casement; but the nodding leaves  
Sweep lazily across the unlit pane,  
And to and fro beneath the shadowy eaves,  
Like restless birds, the breath of coming rain  
Creeps, lilac-laden, up the village street  
When all is still, as if the very trees  
Were listening for the coming of her feet  
That come no more; yet, lest I weep, the breeze  
Sings some forgotten song of those old years  
Until my heart grows far too glad for tears.

### **Unsolved**

Amid my books I lived the hurrying years,  
Disdaining kinship with my fellow man;  
Alike to me were human smiles and tears,  
I cared not whither Earth's great life-stream ran,  
Till as I knelt before my mouldered shrine,  
God made me look into a woman's eyes;  
And I, who thought all earthly wisdom mine,  
Knew in a moment that the eternal skies  
Were measured but in inches, to the quest  
That lay before me in that mystic gaze.  
"Surely I have been errant: it is best  
That I should tread, with men their human ways."  
God took the teacher, ere the task was learned,  
And to my lonely books again I turned.

### **Upon Watt's Picture Sic Transit**

"What I spent I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have."

But yesterday the tourney, all the eager joy of life,  
The waving of the banners, and the rattle of the spears,  
The clash of sword and harness, and the madness of the strife;  
To-night begin the silence and the peace of endless years.

( One sings within.)

But yesterday the glory and the prize,  
And best of all, to lay it at her feet,  
To find my guerdon in her speaking eyes:  
I grudge them not, -- - they pass, albeit sweet.

The ring of spears, the winning of the fight,  
The careless song, the cup, the love of friends,  
The earth in spring -- - to live, to feel the light -- -  
'Twas good the while it lasted: here it ends.

Remain the well-wrought deed in honour done,  
The dole for Christ's dear sake, the words that fall  
In kindness upon some outcast one, -- -  
They seemed so little: now they are my All.

## ***Poor ol' Dr. Seuss – Poetry as Protest by William Webster***

When you think of poetic protest the poem *Howl* by Allen Ginsberg may come to mind. But in the 21<sup>st</sup> century poetic protest is sometimes a less strident and a far more sophisticated affair than the clamorous and vociferous words found in a beatnik poem. Sometimes poetic protest arises from a less than expected venue or from a normally reserved or romantic poet.

I first came upon the avant-garde poet of Vancouver Patrick Bruskiewich three years ago when I read some of his poems in a Kindle book he had published titled *I Have Lived For Art*. Since then I have come across more of his poems published as Kindle books, or a single poems at archive.org and even in audio broadcasts on the final Monday of the month with Radio Free Vancouver ( also available through archive.org.)

Recently I came across his poem ***Poor Ol' Dr. Seuss*** which caught my interest, in a Radio Free Vancouver Broadcast (One Hundred and Three, 11 March, 2019).

### **Poor Ol' Dr. Seuss.**

Poor ol' Dr. Seuss.

Someone wants to cook his goose ...

to throw his books upon a pyre,

and watch them be consumed by fire.

But why? ...

depicting Africans catching zoo lions?

or Chinese fashion with Canton lines?

There are some people who get ahead

by doing things ... that others dread

and some who push themselves up

by pushing others down ...

oh how quaint ...

And so Sexana ...

E.S.Q. ...

goes bananas ...

oh how cute ...

Poor ol' Dr. Suess,

she wants to cook his goose ...

Monkey See

Monkey Am

Monkey Do

I was intrigued both by Patrick's poem as well by the reason why he wrote this poem, a style of protest against a new style of reckless prejudice and senseless bigotry simmering at the fringes of America. He wrote this poem

to protest the move by a handful of militant African-American political activists trying to push the writing of a Caucasian writer Theodore Seuss Giesel, a.k.a. *Dr. Seuss* out of the *Read Across America* annual celebrations in elementary schools for foolish and somewhat mean reasons.

The day chosen for the annual celebration is in fact Giesel's birthday (March, 2<sup>nd</sup>). A good explanation of Read Across America can be found at <https://www.washingtonparent.com/articles/1803/1803-celebrate-dr-seuss-and-read-across-america-day-2018.php> which talks about the April 2018 *Read Across America* Day.

To begin Patrick is not American, but a Vancouver-based, Canadian born writer and poet. Why then should he care about *Read Across America*? I suspect that Patrick like me and many children across North America, and the English speaking world learned English reading some of Dr. Seuss' writing – *Green Eggs and Ham*, *The Cat in the Hat* and other such amusing stories.

Presently there are 650 million copies of Dr. Seuss' twenty books in print around the world. Many have been translated into other languages to make the stories available to more than just English speaking children. I know of no other author who has had such a long lasting and positive effect of the upbringing of children. In case you are wondering, I am not a Harry Potter fan. Patrick has coined a phrase for the Harry Potter books – “brain fungus.”

Why then would someone want to push Dr. Seuss out of the classroom, especially on his birthday? The militant African-American political activists would like very much

*to throw his books upon a pyre,  
and watch them be consumed by fire.*

Since 2017 they have been actively pushing Seuss out of some elementary schools. I listened to the National Public Radio broadcast about the matter (NPR, Dr. Seuss Books, February 26<sup>th</sup>, 2019) and was somewhat angered by the trite and silly nature of both the NPR Broadcast and the self-serving politics of the ‘book burners’ and some of their backward National Education Association.

The NPR thesis is given about midway in its broadcast (and not at the very beginning as most other broadcasts do at NPR):

“That tension between Seuss and Seuss-free classrooms is emblematic of a bigger debate playing out across the country — should we continue to teach classic books that may be problematic, or eschew them in favor of works that more positively represent people of color?”

In our ‘political correct’ world is ‘people of color’ acceptable, or is it still correct to call someone like Theodore Seuss Giesel a Caucasian American of Germanic heritage (his mother was Bavarian)?

After all, who is it that decides what is problematic? I spent part of this week sitting down at the New York Central Library and at Barnes & Nobles reading and reviewing many of the books written by Dr. Seuss. Perhaps I am blind, but I do not find his writing problematic. I find that his books are it amusing and enlightening, both instructive and pleasurable. And the reading of them brought back a flood of fond memories of happier and simpler days.

One person in particular stood out from the National Public Radio broadcast, and is mentioned in a chiding way in the poem *Poor Ol' Dr. Seuss*:

*And so Sexana ...*

*E.S.Q. ...*

*goes bananas ...*

*oh how cute ...*

it is a young African-American political activist on staff of George Washington University, a Ms. Jaya Saxena. Patrick, of course, does a play on her name. When you visit Ms. Saxena's website you find her blog somewhat self-important and she has self-titled herself *Esquire*. as mentioned in the poem.

Ms. Saxena's proclaimed self-importance remind me of an old adage that

*those that can do ... do,*



*those that can't do ... teach,  
and those that can't teach ...  
become university administrators.*

I find it revealing that a young woman 'of color' who is evidently somewhat arrogant (where else would you find an Esq. self-designation?) and unable to function in her primary profession of law (she has sequestered herself from practicing law ... or maybe was sequestered by her lack of compassion?) is now sitting at a desk at a university, at a level perhaps beyond her real capabilities expressing a caprice that is very narrow and capricious.

And what about Shylock and the Merchant of Venice, also mentioned in the NPR broadcast? What does that have to do with Dr. Seuss and learning to read? Theodore Seuss Giesel in his children books does not inquiry as to the question of usury and does not make mention of religion. Is NPR implying it to be guilt by association?

At the end of Patrick's Radio Free Vancouver Broadcast he does raise a question as to whether the anti-Seuss crusade smacks of the same kind of politics that the United States endured during the 1950's when both civility and civil liberties were trampled under the angst of the age. Patrick asks this heartfelt question in a wise and endearing fashion ...

Are you and have you ever been a Seussian?

## ***Five Short Poems by Patrick Bruskiewich***

### **In The Game Like Life**

I sat to enjoy  
the ones and twos  
in the game like  
life ... *Sudoku*.

The sixes and nines  
are hardest to find,  
but the ones and twos  
stare me in the face.

Even the threes  
sometimes poke  
their heads up to  
tease me too.

And I wrote this poem  
on the inside of a burger bag  
realizing for the first  
time in my long life ...

That it is left to you to find  
the games that make you happiest.

And being alone to decide  
may be a blessing of sorts

It is Christmas Eve and  
I am waiting to meet a friend  
and find out whether next year  
will see more six and nines.

And fewer ones  
and two – and  
solitary games ...  
like *Sudoku*.

## **In Life We Must be Candid**

The truth is like a bright light  
sometimes revealing the good –  
sometimes exposing what others  
may wish to hide in darkness.

In life we must always be  
candid as much as with ourselves,  
as with others. We must  
always light up the darkness.

Kind and candid people shine  
their light upon the world  
revealing its many beautiful truths  
that others may wish to hide.

Will being kind and candid make  
you a bright light in the heavens,  
or will others try their best  
to extinguish your flame.

## Venus Envy

Sandro ... paint us something nice,  
you can name your price ...

Make the painting grand ...  
let the model stand before us bare,  
immodest ... strawberry and beautiful ...  
all to please, arising tall from a surging swell,  
standing proud within her oyster shell.

Ah Venus ... envious we are of you,  
the softness of your curves, do lure  
us out amidst the frothy surf, away from  
bone dry land – remember we the day we  
first stood before this Goddess sublime ...

Sandro, you painted us something fine,  
and have immortalized beauty for all time.

## **The Moth Thought ...**

The moth  
thought ...

it could hide away,  
but little did it know  
that the hungry crow  
could spy its grey  
in the bright light of the day



## **Until It Was Too Late ...**

In the dark of the night,  
the crazy moth flew, round  
and round the candle flame,  
without fear in its frenzied  
state it could not feel  
the searing heat,  
nor sense the harm  
until it was too late ...

Its wings were singed,  
it lost control and right  
into the blue flame it flew. I  
watched the moth fall,  
smack out of the air,  
as if it did not care ...

and it was then that I saw  
burnt on the table  
next to the candle  
another moth ...  
there on its back,  
its legs flaying about  
as the second moth plummeted  
hard upon it.

Then there was silence,  
the stillness of the night ...  
and in my state I swear  
I heard a sigh  
and a voice say ...  
what took you so long dear?



## ***Limericks and the Saturday Evening Post by William Webster***

The Saturday Evening Post is running a limerick contest. The Saturday Evening Post is giving away a \$ 25 prize for the best limerick. To learn more about this contest you can go to

<https://www.saturdayeveningpost.com/limerick-contest/>

What is a limerick? A limerick is a short five line poem with a simple riming scheme. It is an uneven poetic rime stuck between the four stanzas and six stanza popular poetic forms. Here are a few examples of limericks:

This is a Valentine's Day Limerick I heard when I was at NYU

*Rose are red  
Violets are blue,  
As I lay here in bed  
I think only of you  
... why aren't you here beside me?*

Here are two pieces by Shakespeare found in his 1623 play *The Two Gentleman of Verona* that might pass as limericks:

*Who is Sylvia? What is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;*

*The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness,  
Love doth to her eyes repair  
To help him of his blindness,  
And, being helped, inhabits there.*

Depending how you read the opening to this poem by William Blake, the first stanzas might be considered a limerick

*Auguries of Innocence  
To see a world in a grain of sand  
And a heaven in a wild flower,  
The hold infinity in the palm of your hand  
And eternity in an hour.*

The rest of Blake's poem seems to be a tail pinned to the beginning.

Here is something limerical from Robert Browning:

*For me, I touched a thought, I know  
Has tantalized me many times,  
(like turns of thread the spiders throw  
Mocking across our path) for rhymes*

*To catch at and let go*

Or a chorus from John Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* from 1697

*With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assume the God  
Affects the nod.  
And seems to shake the spheres*

You can also have a bit of fun with a poem by changing its alliteration. For instance here is *How Roses Came Red* by Robert Herrick, but read a different way:

*Rose at first were white, till they could not agree  
Whether my Sappho's breast or they more white should be  
But being vanquished quite, a blush their cheeks bespread;  
Since which, believes the rest  
... the roses first came red.*

Does the *War of the Roses* come to mind when you hear this poetic limerick?

I ask my poet friend Patrick to share with me some of the limericks he submitted to the Saturday Evening Post. Here are three of them

*There was a great dinosaur name Rex  
Who was a bit of a tyrannosaurus, lest  
any creature doubt him he said  
think of my poor cousin instead,  
now extinct ... Tripasaurus hex.*

*There was a mistress named Daisy  
Whose lifestyle was somewhat lazy,  
She spent all days on her back  
And all nights in the sack,  
Driving unwitting men absolutely crazy.*

*There was a fine girl named Mary,  
Who could be a person quite contrary  
During the day she tended her sheep  
But at night could not sleep but a peep  
The wolf was the ol' games keeper ... the creep!*

I invite you to submit your limericks to the Saturday Evening Post!

## ***Lwoh ... and Commentary by Patrick Bruskiewich***

I saw the best of my generation  
forgotten and pushed aside by arrogance  
dragged through the streets by the  
mad, the mean the angry mixed  
tripsters, occupying the centre of town  
the dark dynamo, with tattered  
morals, that matched their ripped  
jeans and torn skirts, churning up the  
grass, and smoking it too  
scattering their cigarettes butts,  
like they meant something. It's enough  
to make you sick ...Yacketty! Yacketty!  
where is the syntax and measure  
of good human prose? Not here  
amongst the unwashed, who don't  
use soap and could care less.  
This can't be real Ginsberg. Look into  
the Mirror. The Circus is in town,  
and you're the main attraction. No dreams  
at all, just a lot of care less and less  
and less. We're not safe, and now we're in  
the soup and you're a bunch of cannibals  
out to get us. We have no place to hide  
you're hunting us, satyrs out for blood

And why? Because you can. You're mad.  
You're mean. You're angry.  
You are monsters ..... lwoh ....

### **Lwoh ... A Commentary**

This poem was written in response to the amorphous and faceless *Occupy Movement* was doing its mindless politics on the streets of Vancouver. I checked the calendar to see whether it was 1968 and wondered if this was Chicago or Paris.

I was not surprised to see that the *Occupy Movement* grew out of Vancouver for beneath the surface of this city for there are a few 'tripsters' ready to be mean and arrogant and mean ...

*I saw the best of my generation  
forgotten and pushed aside by arrogance  
dragged through the streets by the  
mad, the mean the angry mixed  
tripsters, occupying the centre of town*

The *Occupy Movement* sprang up shortly after I publicly called into question the backroom politics of a political Goliath here in Vancouver who had arranged for 76 +1 honorary degrees to be given his friends by UBC (The Yamamoto-Suzuki Affair) and after I asked the question whether the

political Goliath may have participated in the riots in Chicago during the 1968 Democratic Convention. This political Goliath runs a Foundation which is in fact a Political Action Committee patterned after American Political Action Committees. He also uses it as a tax haven.

The *Occupy Movement* set up its tent on the north side of the Vancouver Art Gallery and proceeded to ‘uglify’ the place. It was like the 1960’s all over again ... to the nostalgic bent of the political Goliath ... hippydippydom ...

*the dark dynamo, with tattered  
morals, that matched their ripped  
jeans and torn skirts, churning up the  
grass, and smoking it too  
scattering their cigarettes butts,  
like they meant something. It’s enough  
to make you sick ...*

And what was their *raison d’etre*? Their reason to exist? What did the ‘tripster’s want? To this day no one really knows ...

*Yacketty! Yacketty!  
where is the syntax and measure  
of good human prose?*

well, hell, we would all like to be able to live in Vancouver. It is a paradise on Earth, and an expensive one at that, why because everyone and their dog

want to live here, and don't want to pay the high costs of living in Vancouver. But was that the real reason they set up their ashram? Or was it a nostalgic reoccurrence of the 1960's thing of hipsters and Vietnam draft dodgers ...

*... Not here  
amongst the unwashed, who don't  
use soap and could care less.  
This can't be real Ginsberg. Look into  
the Mirror. The Circus is in town,  
and you're the main attraction.*

It was a circus, and there were hurt and harm among the performers ...overdoses and the like. It was an unhealthy place within the very heart of a healthy Vancouver. The people watching the circus tried hard to understand what it was all about, but with the passage of time and the unsanitary conditions the City of Vancouver had to finally step in (after a overdose death) and ask the circus to move on. It is now illegal to set up a tent city within the City of Vancouver.

The reference to Ginsberg is also hinted to in the title which is *Howl* spelt backwards. When you read Ginsberg's poem *Howl* there is a meaning of sorts. I wonder if this could be said about the *Occupy Movement*. Even the left wing and self-declared progressives began to hold their noses after a few weeks of the tent city.



*... No dreams  
at all, just a lot of care less and less  
and less.*

This could not be a reoccurrence of the 1960's in the truest sense ... for in the 1960's there was a purpose behind the protest .. bring an end to an unpopular war in Vietnam. That was the dream of the 1960's: *Make Peace ... Not War!*

*... We're not safe, and now we're in  
the soup and you're a bunch of cannibals  
out to get us.*

When the more strident in the Occupy Movement spoke it was evident that they were wanting to put the world into a pot and boil it into a soup<sup>1</sup> They were out to get the world ... like a bunch of cannibals.

On the few occasions that I happen to be near the Vancouver Art Gallery I would hurry past the tent city ... it was not welcoming to even a man with a green hat and cane, gray long hair, wearing sandals and woolen socks.

*... We have no place to hide  
you're hunting us, satyrs out for blood  
And why? Because you can.*

While I am bohemian the 'tripsters' with the *Occupy Movement* were not.

*You're mad.*

*You're mean. You're angry.*

*You are monsters ..... lwoh ....*

There was not love in their heart but the complete opposite:

*Make War not Peace!*

## **Art**

## ***Drawing the Human Form by Eric Gill***

It is commonly taught in choirs and places where they sing of such things that the study of nature and particularly of the human body and its anatomy and learning to draw from the living model are the first necessities in the training of the serious 'art' student. The proper study of mankind is man, and this study is supposed to be chiefly a matter of having a good look. '



**Eugene Frank, Man and Woman**

First I look and then I draw my look.' This theory of art training has had a run of three or four centuries and we have now reached saturation point. We now at last realize that the child who said, 'First I think and then I draw my think' was not only much righter but was also in line with the theory of all the previous centuries and the practice of the whole human world from the beginning of time, saving only such times and places which, like our own, had retreated from the general notion that human making is primarily a product of human imagination.

The idea, then, that drawing from life is the first thing to be done, is now discarded, and we may now say that if you are going to draw from the naked model at all the best time to do it is rather later in life, when the experience of living has filled the mind and given a deeper, a more sensual as well as a more spiritual meaning to material things.

It is doubtful however whether it is ever desirable to employ professional models and to treat drawing from nature, whether vegetable or animal, as part of school education. What is wrong with your friends and relations? Perhaps they haven't specially perfect figures; but that is not the point; for in any case it is what is in your own head that matters most and not what the model has in his or her own body. The draughtsman is not primarily a photographer; he is primarily that kind of artist who by means of lines makes a sort of house to dwell in. Just as we dwell physically in houses of bricks and stones, so we dwell mentally in constructions of lead and chalk and paint. And you must know what living is before you can build a house.

For drawing, like any other art, is not merely a means to an end. Drawing is worth doing for its own sake; it is subordinate to no other end than the general end of life itself— man's final beatitude. Of course it is right and proper when you have some particular work in hand to make sketches and preliminary models to guide you. If you are carving a figure to fit a certain place, it would be absurd to proceed regardless of dimensions and expect the builders to accommodate their building to your carving. For this reason a preliminary drawing or model is commonly necessary. And, in the same way, if you have to make a figure representing a particular meaning and therefore standing in some particular attitude, it is generally desirable to make preliminary drawings in order to work out the relations of one part to another. For this purpose a living model may sometimes be useful, providing you don't take it too seriously. For you can seldom get a living person to stand exactly as you wish and you would be quite wrong to let the model dictate.

These things being admitted, the main point remains: drawings are ends, not means, and even studies and sketches should be thought of as worth doing for themselves. And this point of view is in line with the general rule that drawing from life properly comes late in life rather than early. For the training of imagination is the first thing to be seen to, and that is best achieved by life and experience; and in order to make this particular thing, this construction of lines derived from the sight of human limbs and bodies, the artist is more dependent upon his life and experience than he is in any other business. We are creatures who know and will and love. What do we know and will and love? Whatever else may be said, we know and desire

and love one another in a physical manner. There is no escape from this and no denying it. Does anyone want to escape or deny? Perhaps the Buddhists want to escape; perhaps the Puritans would deny. But the rest of us accept the fact and are glad.

Drawings of the nude, therefore, have a special place in human affairs and a special veneration, and as human life is not all a matter of tears and sighs, but also, and equally and even more importantly, a matter of laughter, there is naturally a comic side to all this. Don't let 's be too solemn about it. Hair on the belly is certainly very becoming but it is also extremely amusing — quite as amusing as hair on the head. Man is matter and spirit, both real and both good, and the funny is certainly a part of the good. The human body is in fact a good joke — let us take it so.

The only serious and solemn part of drawing from the life is the technique itself. How to draw? That is the serious question. What is drawing? To draw is to drag or pull something along, and in this matter it means dragging or pulling a pencil or brush along the surface of paper. We may agree perhaps that pushing a graver is, by a sort of license, also a kind of drawing — drawing backwards. Smudging about with tones and colours is not drawing, though such things may appropriately be added on occasion. Good drawing, then, means good lines— clean lines, clear lines, firm lines, lines you intend and not mere accidents. That 's all there is to it. But a line is not in practice what Mr. Euclid says it is. It has width as well as length. There are two edges to it, and therefore if a line represents a contour it follows that the said contour is represented by one edge or the other; it cannot be represented by

both. The draughtsman must remember this. It is almost the first rule to be taught and the last to be learnt. Do you think of your line as a narrow portion of the surface of the thing you are drawing, or as a narrow strip of its background? Your pencil cannot be absolutely sharp-pointed. It makes a line with two edges. Which edge is the contour you are drawing?

London, 1938



## ***The Search for Beauty***

{ Royal Bank of Canada, Dec., 1950 }

Beauty is as much a necessity of our everyday life as bread. If our lives are to be more than mere existence, they demand something besides a weekly pay cheque, three meals a day, and a roof over our heads. There must be food for the mind and the eye, the soul and the spirit.

The thought of beauty, its expressions, and the love of it have been present in the minds of men every century. Writers and artists have spent their lives capturing and immortalizing the beautiful in words and in paint; the men of the Middle Ages made lasting monuments to beauty and the glory of God in the building of great cathedrals; ordinary people have been inspired and uplifted by beauty in their physical and spiritual lives.

As far back as 25,000 years ago, in the early stone age, paintings on the walls of caves in France and Spain show the desire of men to create, and to rise beyond the limitations of the daily struggle to keep alive. We today are also struggling in an anxious world – and if ever any people needed some power outside themselves to give relief from worry and alarms, we do. We are more fortunate than our forefathers, for we have the accumulated culture and wisdom of the ages to draw upon.

We use the word "beautiful" dozens of times a day, to describe anything from a new fashion to a sunset but what actually is beauty?

Great thinkers have defined it in many ways, some of which we might quote. One of the best known, one that has had far reaching influence, is the teaching of Plato: Beauty is the splendor of truth. The influence of this can be seen in the lines written by Keats, in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, - that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

...

Ruskin, in *The True and the Beautiful*, had this to say: "Any material object which can give us pleasure in the simple contemplation of its outward qualities, without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, I call in some way, or in some degree, beautiful." But perhaps the simplest definition of all is that given by St. Thomas Aquinas: "That which when seen pleases."

These descriptions can include everything in life, from a bride to an advertisement, from a bird-song at dawn to a radio broadcast, from a heather-covered mountain to a department store window.

We live in a world that abounds in beauty, but sometimes we are too absorbed in ourselves, our pursuits, and our problems, to see the beauties. We scarcely notice the small unselfishness of the single flower; it is the grand gesture or the big bouquet that ordinarily calls forth our admiration.

But there is beauty all around us, in poetry and in paintings, in our vast forests and our own back-gardens, in city streets and business offices and in

factories, and in the lives of saints and ordinary men. To feel this beauty makes the imagination richer, and the world more interesting.

An editorial in a Montreal newspaper called attention to three kinds of beauty:

‘First there is the beauty of the senses, the joy that comes from loveliness of color, line, form, and tone. A second aspect of beauty exists in the understanding of the origin and being of Nature (including human beings). This constitutes science. The third form of beauty lies in seeking the meaning of beautiful things we see, and the purpose they express. The deeper and farther we go in the search for beauty, the higher we rise beyond the physical and sensuous to the spiritual sphere.’

We were all born with an eye for beauty, but when we were children we were perhaps more closely akin to the homespun beauties of the world. The softness of a kitten's fur, the brightness of an autumn leaf, the first fresh snowfall, these were all sources of wonderment and pleasure. As time went by, and sophistication set in, we lost this first fine appreciation of beauty, our eyes were not so open to the simple things which once gave us pleasure, and our outlook became not so alert and eager. We lost some of our natural eye for beauty and with it we have lost some of our happiness too.

... The cultivation of love of the beautiful is not a special privilege, the preserve of the few or the possession of a caste. Beauty is ours to enjoy

without money and without price – a rewarding joy within the reach of all. It has nothing to do with technical ability or wealth or high education.

We cannot all create beauty or be artists in the grand manner. Not many of us will write a great novel, paint a masterpiece, or perform on the concert platform. But everyone of us is capable of creating beauty in one form or another, and of appreciating it even more widely. The woman taking a well-baked loaf out of the oven, the man gathering vegetables from the garden he has carefully tended, the mother telling a story to her children, and the employer who makes a congenial working atmosphere for his employees – all of these are creating something that is beautiful. Beauty can be small, but it can never be insignificant if it adds to the enrichment and dignity of human life.

In all the arts there has always been a controversy of opinion concerning what is beautiful. In commenting on Turner's painting, *The Slave Ship*, Ruskin wrote that it was "*perfect and immortal*." The painter Inness declared: "*It's claptrap*." Thackeray was puzzled and neutral: "*I don't know whether it's sublime or ridiculous*."

Eric Newton, the British critic, said some years ago that there is no real test of beauty, because beauty is the expression of the artist's aesthetic excitement. If one person shares that excitement and another does not, then the former thinks the work beautiful, and the latter thinks it ugly. When we say that there is beauty in a picture, what we really mean is that that

particular arrangement of colors and forms causes a state of mind in us which is good ...

In our choice of the beautiful, familiarity plays a big part. We all cherish scenes and memories which "flash upon that inward eye" to strengthen and uplift us, and on these our future choices of the beautiful are based. These things of beauty, like a great affection, a clear thought, or a profound faith, are eternal possessions.

We cannot, of course, retain everything in our own personal storehouse of beauty. Something that we find shining with beauty at one time we may find later has lost interest for us; this holds true for people and paintings, books and memories. There is an interesting variation of this. As time passes, and we undergo wider and more varied experiences, we can and do return to people and to art and discover new beauties and new values which we did not see in earlier years.

An example of this is to be seen in the work of the Canadian artists who are known as the *Group of Seven*. When their work first appeared, about thirty years ago, it was adversely criticized in some quarters. Today the work of these artists, which includes such great names as Tom Thomson, Lawren Harris, and Dr. Arthur Lismer, is considered by the majority of our people as being typically Canadian. It has captured the character and flavor of our country.

Where can we look for beauty? Where can we search and be sure of our reward?

Art may sometimes disappoint and confuse us, but Nature never. The effect of natural beauty is to elevate us to a higher level. We cannot look upon a great natural scene, a serpentine river, a snow-capped mountain, or a green and gentle meadow, without feeling remote from our personal pettiness. We cannot, in these days, and all of us would not, even if we could, follow Thoreau in choosing a hermit's life by a Walden pond, but natural beauty can play a vital part in raising our lives from the humdrum to the enjoyable.

Even a city dweller walking quickly along a crowded street can catch some moment of natural beauty. Often a shaft of sunlight striking a church spire, a strange and interesting formation of clouds, or the delicate outline of an ancient weathered tree, can pierce our busy day with a little stab of pure delight ...

The nearer one is to nature the more instinctive art becomes. It has been said that art is the one thing we all want, the expression of man's joy in his work. Line, form, color, and sound all play a part in widening our mental and spiritual horizons, stimulating our senses and our imagination. Art is the work of the whole spirit of man ... it is not something extraneous to life, but the way by which vital needs are perfectly satisfied,

Before the industrial era, there was greater opportunity for creative expression within the limitations of a man's working day. The craftsman,

making things painstakingly by hand, had a particular pride in his whole artistic achievement.

Today, with the fragmentation of production, there is not this satisfying sense of creation.

Since many of us do not derive this full artistic satisfaction from our daily work, they must find the answer elsewhere ... in the broadening of our culture in our leisure time ...

It is quite true that we cannot all become outstanding in the arts. But a man is not an artist only because of what he writes or makes, but because of what he feels. To have imagination and taste, and to love the best, is an accomplishment in itself.

To live in these days is a strenuous experience, demanding more than ever before of vigor, thought, and spirit. When, then, we learn to enjoy beauty as we seek it and find it, we are indulging (as it were by proxy) an instinct which in other times and other circumstances would find expression in the doing of beautiful things ...

It is true that we can create an atmosphere of beauty and grace with the wealth of goods that modern ingenuity and manufacturing have developed and perfected, but the very first seeds of beauty lie within ourselves.

If we cultivate the many attributes of beauty in our relationships with our families and our associates, we can achieve a happiness and a spiritual content such as no possession of material goods can give us. The understanding ear, the appreciative eye, the open mind, and the generous heart are not only blessings to us who possess them, but their benefits extend to all those whose lives touch ours, no matter how slightly. By beautifying our social and domestic existence, we can all be artists in life.

We can educate ourselves intellectually and spiritually to see the maximum of beauty ... in the world of nature, of art, and of human beings. By this aesthetic education we will achieve not only that general sense of steadfastness and resource which is perhaps the kernel of happiness, but a new joy and meaning in living.

It is a fundamental truth that nothing but the good enters into the beautiful. In this largest sense of the word, beauty - the yearning for it, the search for it, and the contemplation of it – has civilized mankind.



## **Photographic Gallery**



**Ceci n'est pas un image**



**Blossom ... Not Part of the Display**



### An Artist's Wall





**An Artist and his Model**



### **Male and Female**



**Mother, Father, Son and Daughter**



**Is Lady Godiva Thinking ...Why Must I ride Side Saddle?**





**What Ayaka Wants for Christmas!**



**Sugar and Spice! ... Naaah not me!**



